# Correspondence July - December 1882: Sarah Orne Jewett and her Circle:

**by**

**Sarah Orne Jewett**

**Edited by Terry Heller**

**Coe College**

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Sarah Orne Jewett Press

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## Editorial Practice in Transcriptions

^ ^ : The author has inserted text.

abc : The author has deleted text.

[ ] : Editorial comments and descriptions.

{ } : Editorial insertions in pursuit of clarity.

Jewett's periods often appear as dashes, and also often are indistinguishable from commas. Where her intentions seem clear, I have placed commas and periods; when not sure I have given the dashes or included a note.

Like many of her correspondents, Jewett is not consistent in using other punctuation, especially apostrophes. I have presented words needing apostrophes as she and her correspondents present them.

As nearly as practical, these transcriptions mirror the appearance of the manuscripts. However, I cannot guarantee they are free of errors. Readers wishing for certainty when working with these letters should consult the manuscripts.

## Internet Access to this text

The Internet Archive

and

Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project
https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/1-jewettpress/index-sojp.html

## Sarah Orne Jewett's Principal Correspondents

This list includes people mentioned frequently in this volume. A more fully annotated "Key to Correspondents" appears in a separate volume and on the internet here:

https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/let/Corresp/1-persons.html

Most people mentioned in this volume are identified in that list.

### Jewett's immediate family

**Caroline Frances Perry Jewett** (1820-1891), Jewett's mother.

**Mary Rice Jewett** (18 June 1847 - 28 September 1930), Jewett's older sister, often addressed as O.P.

**Sarah Orne Jewett**. Jewett's various nicknames appear often in these letters. She often signs herself Queen and Queen of Sheba or Sheby, and she is called Sadie, Pin, Pinny, Owl and Owlet.

**Caroline (Carrie, Taddy) Augusta Jewett** (1855-1897), Jewett's younger sister.

### Others

**Henry Mills Alden:** (1836-1919), editor of *Harper's Magazine*.

**Thomas Bailey Aldrich: (**1836-1907), author and editor of *Atlantic Monthly*. Jewett also wrote often to his wife, **Lilian Woodman Aldrich** (1841-1927).

**Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin**: (1825-1896), an early close friend and wife of Massachusetts politician William Claflin (1818-1905). She was the stepmother of **Emma Harding Claflin Ellis** (1841-1909).

**Robert Collyer**: (1823-1912), Unitarian clergyman and close friend of Fields and Jewett.

**Annie Adams Fields:** (1834-1915), author and eventually Jewett's domestic partner. Jewett often refers to her as A.F. During their travels in Europe during this year, Fields and Jewett were accompanied by Fields's Irish-born employee, **Liza / Lisa.**

**Eben Norton Horsford**: (1818-1893), American scientist. Jewett became friends with all of his family.

**William Dean Howells**: (1837-1920), novelist, critic, editor at *Atlantic Monthly*, a mentor to Jewett.

**James Ripley Osgood:** (1836-1892), publisher at what eventually became Houghton, Mifflin, Jewett's main publisher.

**John Greenleaf Whittier:** (1807-1892), American poet. Often called "Thy Friend."

**July - December 1882**

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Lynton North Devon

The Royal Castle Hotel!*

2 July 1882

A few words from Sister on the subject of an afternoon in the [ Perrish *so spelled* ] of Morwenstow* may be found of interest… It was of a Thursday morning that we thought we would go and we bespoke a conveyance of the landlady of the New Inn at Clovelly,* and she proffered the services of the basket carriage* and the mule, and a neighbor's boy to drive (sister being strange to the roads.) [ *two deleted words* ] at an expense of seven shillings and a trifle for John ^h'^Oak.* So, we climbed to the top of the

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lane and nearly went into fits at the sight of the mule which proved to be the same size as a donkey and John [ hOak *so spelled* ] also as small for a boy as the mule was for a member of its species! The basket carriage was a first-rate one being low and long and the whole turn out was a scene for a painter. A. F.* and I sat up in state and majesty when we could stop laughing and the mule went skipping off. John Oak took to beating it so hard that we were afraid it might never live to get home, and when he got down from his perch to ease

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the load, (weighing about as much as a sparrow) we lighted down too, and walked a good part of the way, so we didn't get to Morwenstow until between five and six. I kept stepping in and out of the chariot as it moved along, and pulling down long wisps of honeysuckle out of the hedgerows and handfuls of sweet-briar. There is another wild rose that I like very much, a white one, and it is all in bloom now. The honeysuckle makes me think of mother always for she would delight in it so and I daresay I write about it in every letter for I think of it so much and wish I

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could throw her a great bunch of it every time I pick one. The fuchsias look so bright and pretty too. Only the smaller red ones grow wild but they are in such full flowers that they are very graceful ~~and~~ handsome hedges. Then there is a red foxglove, or 'lady-finger'* as they call it here, that grows wild and is so bright, great tall stalks of it with bells you can put your two fingers in sometimes and always one finger! Sister would like to mention that snails live in the hedges Mary, and take their walks abroad with

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their houses on their backs and very nice houses they are ~~with~~ such pretty shells, and of great size and very slow travelers along a leaf. Also black slugs as long as your finger if they have luck in growing, come out under the hedges in the ditch when the dew falls and sister hates and despises them. She would now end this passage on little beasts (except the mule of which she has more to say) with the information that fleas eats she shameful — and let A. F. alone except once or twice when they have lost their way to me. John H. Oak clubbed the mule

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along toward Morwenstow and we began to think we never should get there when suddenly we caught sight of the old church tower in a cleft ^~~high~~^ between two hills, looking out to sea, and the churchyard round it, and the rectory a little lower on the slope of the hill. It is a beautiful lovely place. There was a big farm house not far away where we left Johnny and the beast of burden and that and another farm a mile or two away on the downs were the only buildings in sight. In the churchyard we found all the graves of

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the wrecked sailors whom he used to bring ashore and bury, and on one grave was the figurehead of a ship and on another pieces of wreck wood that had come ashore. One was the [ bows *so spelled* ] of a boat, and part of the churchyard was thick with these unknown graves. The old church itself dates back eight or nine hundred years and there are beautiful carvings both in wood and stone. We met the present ~~rector~~ vicar and didn't like him a bit, and in the course of a talk with the Sexton who

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was also the vicar's servant-man we discovered that there was a jealousy of the old Parson's fame and that they weren't inclined to give him much credit either for taking more care of the church and spending more money than he could

afford on it, or for his great genius. So we praised him up to the skies and mentioned ourselves to be American pilgrims to that shrine. There is no tablet or anything to him in the church. You know he lost his mind and became a Roman Catholic and both

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these failings seem to have dimmed his fame, but he preserved the Cornish history which might have been lost, and made that little church famous for all they may say. Don't you remember in the ~~history~~ Life, it speaks of his taking such care to teach the parish children? We were quite touched because to this day they all bow and courtesy to you, as you drive by. The older people in Devonshire all give you a nod or touch their hats and say good day to a stranger, and it is very pleasant, but it was so nice to see the children

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at Morwenstow so mannerly and old-fashioned. At the farm house they gave me some questions Parson Hawker had written once for the catechising. Wasn't that nice? We were starving to death (as usual!) and after we were done looking at the church we went up to the house and asked for some milk and were asked in and had a beautiful time. It was just the kind of old-fashioned English farm house I have been hoping I should see, with a great settle in front of the fireplace and a

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flagstoned floor and beams across the ceiling. I wish you could have seen us eating the bread and butter and milk, for there never was any better in the world and we were so hungry. We talked a while with the people and then we came away. Mother would have thought it was as nice as I did. There was a big walled garden and it was all so pleasant. We didn't get home until ten o'clock we stayed so long, but it was quite light you know, and the minute that little rat of

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~~these things were much disapproved~~ a mule found we were going home it took to its heels and went like a spider, and we were destroyed with rage because it toiled so going over as if it could hardly get along, and John [ hoak *so written* ] grinned at us as if he knew what he was about and had a right to expect, when he whacked her [ x x *meaning an ellipsis ?* ] Clovelly ~~church~~ ^church^ was lovely too, and we stayed in Clovelly to the last minute and shall always like to think of it. We came here yesterday, driving most of the day but going from Bideford to

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Ilfracombe* by rail. It was foggy so we lost some fine views which Mrs. Fields* wanted me to see, but now we are at Lynton over Sunday and it is more beautiful than I can tell you. Like of bit of Switzerland dropped down by the sea as Mrs. Fields says. There are enormous cliffs, and just below Lynton is Lynmouth in the valley, a little fishing town, and we can look out of our windows right down on it, and the houses look like those in Noah's ark* they are so far below us, and the little bright gardens are like dots of red and yellow. I send Mother a little picture

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of one of the Clovelly cottages so she can see how things grow here. Mrs. Fields sends love to you both. We wish this Sunday was a week long at least but tomorrow we must go to London where we shall see the Duchess!* and where we have already made ever so many engagements for this coming week. And on the [ twelfth eleventh *so written* ] we go to Norway, so I shall be there perhaps when you get this letter. I think it will be very pleasant. When we come back we are going to Edinboro* but it will only be for a day or two. I have always meant to ask you to tell Mrs. Doe* how much I used the ^[ hood *?* ]^

[ *Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 14* ]

on shipboard — it was really a great delight and I used it every day. Good by with love to Uncle William* John & Ann. From Sarah.

**Notes**

*Lynton North Devon ... The Royal Castle Hotel*: The Royal Castle Hotel in Lynton, on the north coast of Devon, Great Britain, opened in 1810 and later expanded, though by the 21st century, much of it had been demolished.

*the Perrish of Morwenstow*: Wikipedia says: "Morwenstow is the most northerly parish in Cornwall…. Morwenstow is the one-time home of the eccentric vicar and poet Robert Stephen

Hawker (1803-1875), the writer of Cornwall's anthem Trelawny." Jewett imitates Hawker's style.

*the New Inn at Clovelly*: "The New Inn Hotel has welcomed visitors since the 17th century. It lies at the heart of Clovelly, half way down the famous cobbled street. Rebuilt and refurbished over the years, it is decorated in the Arts and Crafts style, and is a popular choice with day visitors and for North Devon holidays and short breaks."

See Sarah Orne Jewett to Theodore and Carrie Jewett Eastman of 27 June for a photo Jewett included in one of her letters.

*basket carriage*: Wikipedia says that a Phaeton was sometimes called a basket phaeton. This type of "sporty open carriage" was considered "fast and dangerous," though perhaps not when a mule pulls it.

*John h'Oak*: Jewett seems to make a joke of their young driver's name, spelling it in a variety of ways throughout this letter, possibly because though it was written "Oak," local pronunciation added the "h" sound at the beginning.

*A. F.*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*fuchsias*: Wikipedia says that the many varieties of fuchsia are native to Central and South America. They attract hummingbirds to pollinate.

*a red foxglove, or 'lady-finger'*: Wikipedia says that the Foxglove is Digitalis, a popular ornamental plant with blooms of varying colors.

*Bideford*: Wikipedia says Bideford is a historic port town on the estuary of the River Torridge, about 30 miles west of Lynton, in north Devon, south-west England. Between them, on the coast is the resort town of Ilfracombe.

Lynmouth and Lynton are neighboring coastal towns.

*the Duchess*: Jewett and Fields had planned to meet Thomas Bailey and Lilian Aldrich, whom they fondly called the Duke and Duchess of Ponkapog. Key to Correspondents.

*Edinboro*: A month later, on August 2, Jewett writes to Mary from Edinburgh, Scotland.

*Mrs. Doe*: Edith Bell Haven (Mrs. Charles Cogwell) Doe. According to her "Find-a-Grave" page, "Edith belonged to a reading group that included Georgina Halliburton, Celia Thaxter, Mary and Sarah Orne Jewett."

*Uncle William. John & Ann*: William Durham Jewett and John Tucker. Ann was a Jewett family employee, perhaps Annie Collins. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields**

Shoals 2nd July (82 —

My dearest:

Rose & her brother* came last night to my great joy — It was a stormy N. Easterly passage, but she stood it pretty well. She brought me so many messages. O dear, I wish there were nobody here but us two! — She said dear J.* always comes, hurrying from afar, from you, to say a word & flit again — She said my mother* wanted the 'boys" to realise how she was here just the same as ever [ only *corrected* ] she could walk about now & go every where & it was so beautiful! "Couldn't she walk?" asked Rose. "Not for years before she died, except from her chair to her bed", I answered — "Was she very stout?" asked Rose, "Because she ^said^ she no longer had the weariness of it to bear & that heavy body no longer [ troubled *corrected* ] her — {"} Now how should Rose or Mrs P.* know any thing about all that? Had it been me, the doubters might have said "it was in your mind"— [ Neither *corrected* ] of those women knew about it. She said she was laughing & sympathising just as ever, only we could not see her, but her presence was as real a fact — I do believe it!

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4th July.

Rose & I sit together as we were bid — O Annie, we feel them, — we are sure of it as if we saw them! Rose did not till last night, here in this little parlor, it was full of them, just as they said they would come — I felt them all the evening while I was talking to various people, all the time these touches like cool flame crept all round & over my hands & arms: there wasn't a whisper of air

stirring outside, & nothing open except the door with the tall screen before it. After all the people had gone I said to Rose how strong it was, never so strong before. "I wish I could feel it," she said, so wistfully, but she never had. It grew so intense with me that the tears rushed into my eyes. Suddenly Rose said, "it has come! it has come to me too!" & we stood together & just let the luxury of it overflow us — O Annie it was too heavenly! We are so happy — Rose's brother said to her this morning, "I think it is

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doing you so much good here, I dont see why you shouldnt stay here another week"— That's what they told her she had better do, stay longer, & she said, "but I cant —" "Don't bother your little head," they said, "we will arrange it — " And she is so pleased at this, &, of course, so am I! Mr Darrah* wrote last night that Mrs Wild,* Hamilton's mother was very low, going — & so he could not come down till the last of the week, — but if Rose stays still another after this, we shall have our good time together in spite of fate.

I do not feel as if J. were here, much, I am sure he is with you. But there are such troops! Till we went to sleep last night we felt them. Rose

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sends her love to you. She wrote to you did not she, of J.s speaking through Sarah?* to you!

I hope to hear every day. Dearest love to Sarah — sent her a poppy — & last time a letter from Mr Whittier* to you{.} Goodbye dear —

Your loving

C.

**Notes**

*Rose & her brother*: Rose and Horatio Lamb. Key to Correspondents.

*J.*: James T. Fields, Fields's deceased husband.

*mother*: Thaxter's mother, Eliza Rhymes Laighton, died in 1877.

*Mrs P.*: Probably Thaxter refers to a public medium then working in Boston, Jennie Potter. Though little is known about her, several others have recorded encounters with her. See *Light* 1:1 (1881), p. 78, and *Facts* 2-3 (1883) p. 164.

Rose Lamb's "messages," then, have come during her sittings with Mrs. Potter.

*Mr Darrah*: Robert Kendall Darrah (1818- c. December 1885), whom Annie Fields memorialized in an obituary. During May 1882, Mr. Darrah and Rose Lamb regularly joined Thaxter at sittings.

*Mrs. Wild*: Hamilton Gibbs Wild (1827-1884) was an American portrait and landscape painter. His mother was Hannah Hall Robinson Gibbs Wild (1803- 20 July 1882).

*Sarah*: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

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**John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett**

Amesbury 7 mo. 3. 1882

My dear Friend

I am delighted to see thy hand writing again, and to know that [ *unrecognized word* ] the new and engrossing wonders of [ *deleted word* the *?* ] a strange land, thy old friend is not forgotten. I was at the Shoals last week; and, looking over the grey waste of waters between me and the old world, I wondered where you were, and what you were doing and seeing, and wished I were twenty years younger and with you.

I found Celia Thaxter* a great deal interested in her spiritualistic experiences. I hope

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{she} [ will not be *?* ] too much so. She feels certain that her mother lives and loves her. I hope she will be satisfied to rest there, and not [ pursue *?* ] investigations which cannot help her in this life. We can safely trust our Heavenly Father in [ regard *?* ] to the <u>conditions</u> of the future life, if we are [ blest *?* ] with the assurance that a future life really awaits us. For myself I am content to wait during the little time allotted me.

Did C.T. tell thee about her visit to what is called a "materializing medium"?* It seems she saw, or seemed to see, a dear friend of mine, & an acquaintance of hers Horace Currier* of the law firm of Hutchins & Wheeler of Boston

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who died two years ago. She is very positive as to the identity. He had a remarkable face & head, and I cannot conceive of anyone being able to counterfeit it. She had no thought of him at the time, and when he came toward her she trembled from head to foot, & cried "Why! Horace Currier!" The figure bowed its head twice in assent. It is very strange but it passes my capacity of belief.

Leaving this ghostly subject I must tell thee that I read thy last story* with a satisfaction only second to that of seeing the writer. The old stranded skippers sitting in council on fish-barrels; and the lone woman [ standing *?* ] by the head stone of her lost lover, and gazing

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wistfully over the cruel sea which had for long years rolled remorselessly over him, recall the best things in "Deephaven," and "By ways."*

It was very kind in thee and dear Annie Fields* to write me for I know you have little leisure for letter-writing, and correspondents who have stronger claims than mine{.} But somehow I always get more and better than I deserve; and I take with thankfulness the good things which come to me.

I wonder where this letter will find you. You seem to be doubtful about hunting up King Arthur & his Round Table, and "the holy house of Amesbury" where the hapless Queen fled.* Perhaps you are in the midst of the holy Druid [ temple *?* ] of Stonehenge,* or watching the clouds drifting over Skiddaw.* Wherever you are Lord bless you! Ever affectionately thy friend

John G. Whittier

**Notes**

*Celia Thaxter*: Key to Correspondents.

*materializing medium*: In the 19th Century, spirit mediums were central to Spiritualist practice. A spirit medium facilitated communication between the spirits of the dead and living people. Materializing mediums went a step further, bringing the dead into the presence of the living as quasi-material presences, making the dead visible and even allowing physical contact with the spirits of the dead.

*Horace Currier*: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified. The Hutchins & Wheeler law firm has worked in Boston since the 19th Century. See *The American Bar* (1928), pp. 430-1.

*last story*: Jewett's story "The Mate of the Daylight" appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in July 1882.

*"Deephaven," and "By ways"*: Jewett's novel *Deephaven* (1877) and her story collection, *Country By-Ways* (1881).

*Annie Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*King Arthur ... hapless Queen*: In the legends of King Arthur and the Round Table, his Queen Guinevere is sometimes said to have been banished to the convent at Amesbury in Wiltshire, England.

*Stonehenge*: Historians no longer believe the ancient monument near Amesbury, England, in Wiltshire, was a Druid temple.

*Skiddaw*: A mountain in England's lake district.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Milne Special Collections and Archives, University of New Hampshire Library, Durham, NH, USA: John Greenleaf Whittier Letter and Photographs, July 3, 1882, MS 20.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett**

London 6 July

[ *1882* ]*

My dear Mother

It is several days since I have written but on coming back to London we found so many engagements (and had made so many plans ourselves, as we shall not be here again except for a day or two perhaps.) that the time has fairly flown — ~~Tuesday~~ Monday evening we reached here from [ Devenshire *so it appears* ] about seven o'clock, and M$^{r}$ Aldrich* appeared while we were at supper to say that Lily had been here twice hoping to

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find us, but had been disappointed, and had gone to bed sick with a dreadful cold. However, they were going across to Paris in the morning at seven. So we had a good time with him, but did not see the Duchess at all. They are hurrying on to Russia.

— Tuesday we went down to Baring's* and to Cook's to see about Norway tickets and then we came home for a little while and in the evening

we went to George MacDonald's* to see some lovely

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theatricals — They played Twelfth Night — and we both enjoyed it very much{.} Yesterday we went to a garden party at Mrs. Winkworth's — a perfectly beautiful place where [ Macauley *so spelled* ]* used to live. Before that we were at Miss Christina Rossetti's* and I like her so much — Last night we went to see Patience which M^rs^ Fields* was delighted with and I enjoyed more than [ she *?* ] — To-day I went

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all over Bartholomew's Hospital — and it was such a great place — you know that is one of the oldest and best colleges & hospitals in the world & a most interesting place to me — ~~We went to~~ ^Miss Hogarth^ lunched with us and Edwin Booth was here awhile early in the afternoon, & was [ *deletion* ] very nice. We went to an afternoon tea at Mrs. Perugini's, who was one of Dickens's daughters. To-morrow afternoon we are going to Jean Ingelow's. I

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am sorry to send such a hurried letter but I want it to go by this mail & it is getting late.

Mrs. Ole* has come — & we have had dinner ^since I began —^ I will write again before we go to Norway — we go to Oxford and Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon ^for^ Saturday Sunday and Monday — love to all & Mrs. Fields sends love to you — Yours most lovingly

Sarah —

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Mrs. Ole says "Have you told your mother how much better you are!"

**Notes**

*1882*: This letter was composed during Jewett's 1882 trip to Europe.

*Aldrich*: Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Key to Correspondents. Lilian Aldrich's nickname was the Duchess of Ponkapog.

*Baring's*: A British merchant bank based in London (1762-1995). Thomas Cook and Son was a British travel agency. Wikipedia.

*George MacDonald's*: Scottish author and clergyman, George MacDonald (1824-1905). Wikipedia.

*Winkworth's ...Macauley*: Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859) was a British historian and politician. Wikipedia.

Silk merchant Stephen Dickenson Winkworth and his wife, Emma, resided in Campden Hill in London. See *The Holland Park Circle: Artists and Victorian Society* (1999) by Caroline Dakers, p. 257.

*Christina Rossetti's*: Key to Correspondents.

*Patience*: *Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride*, is a comic opera by Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert, first performed in 1881.

*Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Miss Hogarth ... Edwin Booth*: Wikipedia says: "Georgina Hogarth (1827-1917) was the sister-in-law, housekeeper, and adviser of English novelist Charles Dickens and the editor of two volumes of his collected letters after his death."

American actor, Edwin Thomas Booth (1833-1893). Wikipedia.

*Mrs. Perugini's*: Catherine Elizabeth Macready Perugini (1839-1929) was an English painter and a daughter of British author Charles Dickens (1812-1870). Wikipedia.

*Jean Ingelow's*: British author, Jean Ingelow (1820-1897). Wikipedia.

*Mrs. Ole*: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 263: Six letters to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Red Horse Inn!

Stratford-on-Avon*

9 July 1882

Dear Mary

I am afraid I shall not get time to write again before I reach Norway so I will send you a letter from here. We left London yesterday morning coming to Oxford which of course I enjoyed immensely. We came on a fast train but it was nothing to the one called the Flying Dutchman* on which we came up from Devonshire a week ago, for that makes sixty miles an hour, and goes like lightning as you may imagine! We had

our lunch and then went on driving for an hour or two to see the outside of the colleges. Afterward we went to Magdalen* (or Maudlin as they call it) for Mrs. Fields* wished

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to see Charles Reade* who is one of the fellows. While she went up to his rooms Mrs. Ole* and I scurried all about through the cloisters and halls and the lovely gardens. Anything more beautiful than these old college buildings you can't conceive. The stonework is very much worn most of them are so old and each has a beautiful chapel [ *may be spelled* chaple ] with a tower and ~~part of~~ the buildings are for the most part arranged in squares so there are open quadrangles or "quads" which have walks across them and flowers growing about and you look up at the old walls and windows and roofs and towers and there are no end of bells with nineteen colleges* which mostly have chimes, sweeter than any you ever heard, and

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they strike the quarter hours — Mrs. Fields came down with Mr. Reade and he was very nice and showed us all about. We went into a student's room which was a great pleasure & to the chapel and all round. There is a lovely park with deer in it and such gardens, with turf like velvet. Then we went to the Ruskin Museum and then to Christ church college chapel, which is the finest and largest here, very old and beautiful. We were just in time for service and such cloister boys you never heard in all your days. The ~~hotel~~ next place was the

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Bodleian Library* and you may be sure I was glad to see that famous place. We stayed there a long time looking over the old books and manuscripts and famous portraits. This morning we walked all about again and went into [ Queen's *?* ] College which was lovely. Oxford is very quiet now for it is the long vacation and all the students have gone, but occasionally we saw an Oxford cab scurrying down the street. This afternoon we came here and had time to drive to Anne Hathaway's*

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cottage where Shakespeare used to go courting, & which is [ much *corrected* ] the same now it was then — a dear old place. As we came back to [ Stratford *corrected* ] (it is only two miles) we caught sight of a lot of little boats in the Avon and I proposed to take "the [ *deleted word* ] company" out and so we hopped out of the carriage and into a nice boat and I rowed off up the river which goes close by the church where Shakespeare is buried. Mrs. Fields seemed to enjoy it very much, and I'm sure I did. We stayed out an hour or two, going under

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the arches of old stone bridges and under the shadow of the trees. Stratford has probably changed very little since Shakespeare was alive, and it makes him much more real to have seen it. The houses look very old. We went to service in the church which was very pleasant, though it was a high church service which somehow seemed odd there, though I don't know why it should! We saw Shakespeare's grave & the tablet on the wall above,* & early tomorrow we are going to the house, which was not open to-day. — After-

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ward we are going to Warwick & Kenilworth, and hope to get round by Haddon Hall on our way to Hull, as we can't very well do anything at sightseeing in this region again. Except to go to York Minster as we come down from [ Edinboro *so spelled* ]. Goodnight for I must follow the others to bed. There are so many things I want to tell you about these later days. With ever so much love from

"The Queen"

**Notes**

*Red Horse Inn! Stratford-on-Avon*: Stratford-upon-Avon is in Warwickshire, England, on the River Avon, about 100 miles northwest from London, and about 40 miles northeast of Oxford. It is now most famous as the birthplace and sometime home of William Shakespeare (1564-1616).

The Red Horse Inn was known to Jewett and her family from a chapter on "Stratford-Upon-Avon" in *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.,* (1819-20) by the American author Washington Irving (1783-1859).

*the Flying Dutchman*: The Flying Dutchman was an express train between Exeter and London. Wikipedia.

*Magdalen*: Wikipedia says: "Magdalen College ... is one of the constituent colleges of the University of Oxford.... Magdalen stands next to the River Cherwell and has within its grounds a deer park and Addison's Walk. The large, square Magdalen Tower is an Oxford landmark."

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Charles Reade*: English novelist and dramatist, Charles Reade (1814-1884) was best known for *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Wikipedia.

*Mrs. Ole*: Sarah Chapman Bull. Key to Correspondents.

*with nineteen colleges*: In the early 19th century, Oxford University included 10 colleges. By the 21st century there were 38.

*Ruskin Museum ... Christ church college chapel ... Bodleian Library*: There was no Ruskin Museum in Oxford in 1882. Perhaps Jewett refers to the Ruskin School of Drawing, founded in 1871 by John Ruskin as an Oxford University art school.

Christ Church is one of the constituent colleges of Oxford University. Christ Church Cathedral (Church of England) serves as chapel for the college

Wikipedia says that the Bodleian Library is "the main research library of the University of Oxford, is one of the oldest libraries in Europe. With over 12 million items, it is the second largest library in Britain after the British Library.... Whilst the Bodleian Library, in its current incarnation, has a continuous history dating back to 1602, its roots date back even further."

*Anne Hathaway*'s: Anne Hathaway (1555/56-1623) was the wife of the English playwright, William Shakespeare.

"Anne Hathaway's Cottage is a twelve-roomed farmhouse where Anne Hathaway, the wife of William Shakespeare, lived as a child in the village of Shottery, Warwickshire, England, about 1 mile (1.6 km) west of Stratford-upon-Avon." Wikipedia.

*Shakespeare's grave & the tablet on the wall above*: Wikipedia says: "Shakespeare was buried in the chancel of the Holy Trinity Church two days after his death. The epitaph carved into the stone slab covering his grave includes a curse against moving his bones....Sometime before 1623, a funerary monument was erected in his memory on the north wall, with a half-effigy of him in the act of writing. Its plaque compares him to Nestor, Socrates, and Virgil."

*Warwick & Kenilworth … Haddon Hall … Hull … York Minster … Edinboro*: Jewett and Fields have planned their travel to the Port of Hull through the two historic towns of Warwick and Kenilworth. Their interest in Kenilworth may stem in part from the 1821 novel of that title by Sir Walter Scott.

Wikipedia says: "Haddon Hall is an English country house on the River Wye at Bakewell, Derbyshire, one of the seats of the Duke of Rutland."

On their return to London from Edinburgh, they plan to see "The Cathedral and Metropolitical Church of Saint Peter in York, commonly known as York Minster."

Jewett regularly spells, Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, phonetically.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Tuesday 4 o'clock

[ *Begin letterhead, underlined text handwritten* ]

Royal Station Hotel

Hull 11 July 1882

[ *End letterhead* ]

Dearest Mary,

I have only time to send you a few lines. We have just had supper and are going to the steamer presently. We get in on Friday morning so it is quite a voyage. I must wait to tell you about these three last lovely days until

[ *Page 2* ]

I get to Norway. And only tell you I have been at Warwick and Kenilworth and the Peacock inn at Rowsley* (such a dear old place built in 1652, and kept in the old fashion.) and at Chatsworth and Haddon Hall* which is perfectly charming. All these since Stratford*

[ *Page 3* ]

from which place I sent you a letter. We have gone about in a carriage most of the time and it

is such a pleasant way to travel. We left Liza at Leamington and went whisking off one day and [ *two unrecognized words* ] the little [ chists *?* ]. I hoped I should find a letter waiting here but it will be nice to have it waiting in Bergen, Kenilworth was a splendid

[ *Page 4* ]

old place. I do want to tell you all about it; [ but *?* ] I was disappointed in both Warwick & Chatsworth. The latter is a splendid palace of a place, and there were such flocks of deer in the park! Stoneleigh was another place I drove through on the way from Warwick to Leamington, and it was your ideal English novel country place. We couldn't stop to see much of the

[ *Page 5 with the Royal Station Hotel letterhead at the top* ]

house and the old abbey near it. Susy Travers was at the Peacock Inn* which was very pleasant. Mother will say this is written very far apart and very little news but I wanted to gallop through some kind of a note because it would make it so long

[ *Page 6* ]

before you heard, at least several days longer than usual. Sister has come into a windmill country today, and there is a kind on a stalk like this that is a great pleasure* to me Goodnight and ever so much love to all from your loving

Queen

[ *Page 7* ]

I had a nice long letter from Carrie* from [ *unrecognized name* ] a few days ago. I get flowers and leaves to send mother almost every day and then they all crumple up before I know it, but I think of her all the same —

[ *Page 8* ]

This little rose I have had all day in my button hole, from ~~Rowsley near~~ Haddon Hall.*

**Notes**

*Royal Station Hotel, Hull*: The Royal Station Hotel opened in 1851 near the 1846 train station in Hull, a port city in Yorkshire, England; its full name is Kingston upon Hull.

*a great pleasure*: Jewett has drawn a windmill on this page, writing her text around it.

*Warwick and Kenilworth and the Peacock inn at Rowsley*: Warwick and Kenilworth are towns of historic interest in Warwickshire. Jewett's interest in Kenilworth may stem in part from the1821 novel of that title by Sir Walter Scott.

The Peacock Inn at Rowsley dates from 1652, but became a hotel in the 1830s.

*Chatsworth and Haddon Hall*: "Chatsworth House ... is a stately home in Derbyshire, England. It is in the Derbyshire Dales, about 3.5 miles (5.6 km) north-east of Bakewell and 9 miles (14 km) west of Chesterfield.... It is the seat of the Duke of Devonshire and has been home to the Cavendish family since 1549."

"Haddon Hall is an English country house on the River Wye at Bakewell, Derbyshire, one of the seats of the Duke of Rutland." Wikipedia.

*Stratford*: Stratford-Upon-Avon, birthplace of William Shakespeare.

*Stoneleigh ... Leamington*: The village of Stoneleigh is near Stoneleigh Abbey and Stoneleigh park in Warwickshire. This is north of Leamington Spa.

*Susy Travers*: Susan Travers. Key to Correspondents.

*Carrie*: Caroline Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields**

[ *Decorative letterhead with this information:* J. L. Huntress & Son, Proprietors. Senter House, Lake Winnipesaukee, Centre Harbor, N.H. *A line for the date includes the numbers:* 188_. ]

7th Mo, 14, 1882

My dear Friend,

Thy dear letter comes to me here, and I have read it where this beautiful but unhistoric lake stretches away before me, green-gemmed with islands, until it loses itself in the purple haze of the Gunstock [ *deleted letters* ] mountains, whose summits redden [ in *corrected* ] the setting sun. How can I thank thee for the graphic description of your visit to the Isle of Wight, and

strange and picturesque [ Clovelly *so spelled* ], and the venerable Morwenstow, with its Norman tower looking as the rare, old vicar* did, into the ocean's mystery. Since reading it, I seem to have been with you all the way. Did John Oak* or his mule seem aware that they were carrying a third passenger, like the boat

[ *Page 2* ]

man in Uhland's ballad,* and did you pay "double fee" on my account? It was very kind in thee to take so much time from thy needed rest and give me this great pleasure.

I left Amesbury yesterday in a hot southerly rain storm, but just as we reached Alton Bay the wind shifted to the N. N. West, and blew a gale, scattering the clouds, and by the time our steamer passed out of the Bay into the Lake, the water was white-capped, and waves broke heavily on the small islands, flinging their foam and spray against the green foliage of the shores. It was pleasant to see again the rugged mass of Ossipee loom up before us — and the familiar shapes of the long Sandwich range come slowly into view. To-day the weather is perfect — clear, keen sunshine & cool-bracing wind. The season is rather late, and the sweet-brier roses are still in bloom and these often-parched hill-slopes are now green as your English downs. But, I wish I could have been with you at Alum Bay, as you laid down on the green sward, & heard the bells of Carisbroke Castle.*

[ *Page 3* ]*

I shall always be glad to hear from our beloved Sarah Jewett,* but she must not write letters when she ought to rest. Don't try to see & do too much. Sarah Jewett is not an experienced traveller ~~and~~ in the old world, and feels the excitement of new scenes, and old historical associations. I can understand what the comfort & joy of her presence must be to thee, and what perfect satisfaction she has in thy company.

If you visit London or Rochdale, again, you may [ possibly *?* ] like to meet John Bright,* & I enclose a note to him, if you have no better introduction, which you can use or not as suits your convenience. If you go {to} Italy, you will see our friends the Alexanders* at Florence, and will take with you my love to them.

[ *Page 4* ]

I suppose before this thee and Sarah have had my letters. The one to thee was written at the "Shoals" and kindly enclosed in Celia Thaxter's.*

With a great deal of love to Sarah Jewett, and with thanks for thy kindness, I am gratefully and affectionately thy friend

John G. Whittier

**Notes**

*old vicar*: The British vicar and poet Robert Stephen Hawker (1803-1875). See *The Vicar of Morwenstow: A Life of Robert Stephen Hawker, M. A*. (1880) by S. Baring-Gould.

*John Oak*: Jewett's letter to Mary Rice Jewett of 2 July 1882 recounts the story of their trip to Morwenstow, in which they took a basket carriage pulled by a donkey, with the boy John Oak as driver.

*Uhland's ballad*: Whittier refers to "Neckar, The River: The Passage" by the German author, Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862), in which the narrator crosses a river with two invisible passengers: "... Invisible to thee, Spirits twain have crossed with me."

*Carisbroke Castle*: Alum Bay is on the west coast of the Isle of Wight, while Carisbrooke Castle is medieval and partly a ruin. Whittier seems clearly to have spelled "Carisbroke."

*Page 3*: This page also appears on Senter House letterhead.

*Sarah Jewett*: Key to Correspondents.

*John Bright*: Wikipedia says: John Bright (1811-1889) was a British Radical, a Quaker, and Liberal statesman, one of the greatest orators of his generation and a promoter of free trade policies. He was born in Rochdale, Lancashire.

Jewett's letter to Mary Rice Jewett of 6 August 1882 indicates that they failed to meet Mr. Bright.

*the Alexanders*: See Lucia Gray Swett Alexander in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4800. New transcription and notes.

This letter has been transcribed previously by Pickard, *Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*. v. 3.

**Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Jewett Eastman**

Lysö [ *two unrecognized words* ]

[ *16 July 1882* ]*

Oh Taddy I wish you could see Iohanna Carolina Haldor's* [ *deleted word* ] ^datter^ and Lina some thing or other, Haldor's [ *deleted word* ] ^datter^ who have just come up in full glory of Sunday togs! They [ are *corrected* ] as solemn and old fashioned with hair as yellow as a guinea* ~~with~~ ^in^ neat braids round their heads — and red waistcoats with pieces of worsted work set in, over white waists of thick white linen. Oh they were splendid! They have now taken leave and sister bestowed upon ^each^

[ *Page 2* ]

a ten ore* piece which is about this size O in silver, and they stepped down the hill again after shaking hands with Sister and saying "Tak —" If you give anybody anything here they say Tak, and shake hands. "Haldor's [ *deleted word* tachters *?* ] ^datters^" are no size at all but with every excellent behavior. I meant to write a long letter but a large dinner party came out from town. We saw the big boat coming over the fiord* and sighted the company. We have had a very good time. I like the Norwegian people ever so much. There is

[ *Page 3* ]

{an} old gentleman staying here now, one of Ole Bull's brothers* and we are great friends. He cant speak a bit of English but we drink each other's health as often as possible and make no end of elegant bows and I say all the Norwegian words I have learned and so we are very intimate. He plays beautifully on the organ and piano both, and it is so pleasant to watch him. He is such a handsome old grayheaded man — and never

[ *Page 4* ]

done any business Mrs. Ole says ^but^ disporting himself comfortably and reading and playing !! ^They have great fun with him.^ He came out from Bergen yesterday to spend Sunday [ *deleted insertion* ] — I never get tired of watching the people and listening to them. Six came in the big boat and we have been feasting in great state. Sister will speak of some dishes when she sees you and be hungry at the very thought of them. ~~Night before last~~ ^Today^ the Lysökloster* people came over

[ *Page 5* ]

to dine and stay to supper both being included in dining out and the supper being about as elaborate as the dinner. Yesterday we started to row round the islands and were caught in a shower. Mrs. Ole formally presented me with a little bit of an island with a pine tree on it and I went ashore to take possession and we had great fun. It was one big rock and some

[ *Page 6* ]

heather and two or three little bits of birches — and so we joke about 'the Estate' a good deal. Oh I shall miss the mountains so much! I like to see them in the night for it never gets very dark you know — and you can hear all the brooks running over the cliffs — I shall have to say good-bye now because 'Herr Lund'* is

[ *Page 7* ]

going to take our letters to the post — I have [ lots *corrected* ] of fun with Mrs. Fields* because she hoards her pincushion and uses mine all the time because hers is so beautiful! She is so nice. I cant tell you how much pleasanter every thing has been because I am with her. Sister wishes she could put Johanna Carolina Haldor's 'datter' into this letter

[ *Page 8* ]

to let you see her! Last [ *deleted word* ] summer one of them got into the duckhouse to play and was stuck there {— } it was so little, Carrie,* and there was a great time Mrs. Ole says! Remember me to Mr Eastman — I long to hear you tell every particular about the sisters in Louisburg Sq.* I hope you are getting along nicely — Remember me to Mary and Jennie* and to everybody. I meant to send loves but I sometimes forget it!

[ *Up left margin and across the top margin of page 1* ]

I wish I could have sent you a better letter but I will try to make up next time — from your loving Sister, the [ healer *?* ] — You know Mrs. Fields called me Pinny. Sister is now Frökin" (Frukin) Pinny,* 'which is same as [ *unrecognized word* miss *?* ] '

[ *Up left margin and across the top margin of page 6* ]

I have sent a note to 'O'* which I have long meant to do — I hope it was a good one but I was tired when I wrote it —

**Notes**

*16 July 1882*: This dating is supported by Jewett's letter of Sunday 20 July, where she writes of a return visit made on 19 July in response to the visit of the Lysökloster people she describes in this letter.

*Iohanna Carolina Haldor's*: In *Ole Bull: A Memoir* (1882), Sara Chapman Thorp Bull identifies Mr. Haldor as her family servant (p. 309). Further identifying the individuals within the family has proven difficult.

For Mrs. Ole Key to Correspondents.

Reading Jewett's spelling of "datter," Norwegian for daughter, is difficult. She may have written "dotter," which would be phonetic. Jewett seems also to use two spellings for Johanna/Iohanna.

*yellow as a guinea*: Presumably, Jewett refers to the British gold coin,

*ten ore*: In 2020, 50 Norwegian øre were worth about 8 U.S. cents.

*fiord*: Jewett appears to have used this spelling rather than "fjord."

*Ole Bull's brothers*: Ole Bull had several living brothers in 1882. It is not certain which one Jewett met. Jens Munthe Bull (1815-1905) resided in Bergen at the time of his death.

*Lysökloster*: Wikipedia says: "Lyse Abbey or Saint Mary's Abbey, Lyse (Norwegian: Lyse kloster, Lyse Mariakloster) is a now-ruined Cistercian monastery in the municipality of Os in the county of Hordaland in south-western Norway." In *Ole Bull: A Memoir* (1882), Sara Chapman Thorp Bull describes her husband's beloved home on nearby Lysö, "the island of light" (pp. 306-13).

*'Herr Lund'*: This person has not yet been identified.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Carrie*: Carrie Jewett Eastman, Theodore's mother. Key to Correspondents.

*Louisburg Sq.*: Louisburg Square is a private square in the Beacon Hill neighborhood of Boston, MA, not far from the home of Annie Fields. Which sisters Carrie Eastman would visit there is not yet known.

*Mary and Jennie*: Mary is almost certainly Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents. Jennie has not yet been identified, but probably she is an Eastman family employee, mentioned in a few other letters as late as 12 July 1894..

*"Frökin" (Frukin) Pinny*: In Norwegian, "Frökin" means "Miss." For Pinny as a Jewett nickname, see Jewett in Key to Correspondents.

*"O"*: This could be Olive Grant. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Eastman, Caroline Augusta (Jewett) 1855-1897, recipient 4 letters; 1882-[ 1897 ] & [ n.d. ]. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (253).

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**Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields**

[ *16 July 1882* ]

Sunday morning — At breakfast — six oclock & nobody up. O such a morning! Still warm, cloudless — Last night Tom & his wife came in as I was writing — they send their love to you — They look very happy — They go to Nahant early in the week — They reported Louisa* as well & flourishing — Tom looks a little delicate, I think — had been having a sore throat — I hear Jo Burnett* is to come here — My poor Roland* is still laid up with his knee — creeps about a little on crutches — this is heaviness for me — He graduated honorably, with flattering mention in Natural History & English composition, but he was too lame to be at Class day or take any share in the [ life *corrected* ] & [ motion *or* emotion *?* ] of the time.

The Paines* are a great pleasure, paradoxical as it may appear — I'd rather hear him play than Joseffy* — tho' he [ doest *intending* doesn't *?* ] pretend to play — All the Anderson [ paty *intending* party *?* ] [ wear *corrected* ] India

[ *Page 2* ]

shawls that remind me of yours — of course they came from the same source.

17th

O dear — there is no time except in the dictionary! My dear dear love to you & owlet!*

This rose just opened, wild, outside, for you & owlet

Yrs ever & ever

C.

**Notes**

*16 July 1882*: This date was assigned the letter by the Boston Public Library. It is probably correct. Other Thaxter letters from this time report on her son, Roland, dealing with his injured knee. In 1882, July 16 fell on a Sunday.

*Tom & his wife ... Louisa*: These people have not yet been identified.

*Jo Burnett*: Probably this is Josephine Cutter Burnett (1830-1906), mother Edward Burnett, who married James Russell Lowell's daughter, Mabel Lowell. The Lowells were friends and correspondents of Fields and Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*Roland*: Thaxter's youngest son.

*Paines*: John Knowles Paine (1839-1906), an American composer who also served as professor of music at Harvard University. His musician wife was Mary Elizabeth Greeley (1836-1920). Both were regular summer visitors at the Isles of the Shoals.

*Joseffy*: Rafael Joseffy (1852-1915) was a Slovakian pianist, teacher and composer. He immigrated to New York City in 1879 and quickly became famous as a concert performer with major orchestras. Whether Thaxter ever heard him play is not yet known.

*Anderson*: There is reason to believe that the Andersons are the family of Larz Anderson (1845-1902). His wife, Emma Mendenhall Anderson (1847-1934), appears in *The Heavenly Guest* (1935), a posthumous collection of Thaxter's uncollected writing and of other materials, including "Celia Thaxter and her Gardens," by Mrs. Larz Anderson. This essay consists of notes by Emma Anderson from her 8 seasons at Appledore. Mrs. Larz Anderson probably is author and philanthropist, Isabel Weld Perkins (1876-1948). Her husband was American diplomat Larz Anderson (1866-1937), a nephew of Emma Anderson.

*owlet*: Thaxter is using an intimate nickname shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Owlet is Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190). With this manuscript, the library also holds the pressed rose mentioned at the end of this letter.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Lysö 20 July 1882

Dearest Mary

We have just got home from two days spent in Bergen* and I am so glad to get back to the island. There is so much I want to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. I thought I should have no end of time for writing while I was here but I seem to have less than ever. We are out of doors a great deal and the air here makes me sleepy so I usually turn in for a nap in the afternoon and that cuts into the time! as you can tell from Sunday afternoon experiences. I had a beautiful time Saturday. We

[ *Page 2* ]

went across the fjord to a place called Lysökloster* to return a ceremonious visit which had been paid us by some of Mrs. Ole's* friends a day or two before. The house ~~was~~ is quite a little distance from the shore so we all three got into a gig which is a two-wheeled vehicle in which two can fit looking forward and one keeps watch astern. It was a little yellow horse with a mane like a big dust brush, and I drove and the crop neck shied and we clipped it to Lysokloster with no accident [ *unrecognized word* ] and were received with much state and majesty. Anything more different than an English country place and a Norwegian one, it would be hard to imagine. The house itself

[ *Page 3* ]

is built around three sides of a square which makes a courtyard and there is a high fence and a big gate in it on the open side. The house is one story and a little half, but there are no end of big rooms and the wide windows make them very pleasant. You cut across the courtyard instead of going round (which would really be a good way at Lysökloster!) and there are ever so many doors. This is one of the old estates which has been handed down with little change for hundreds of years. The tenants wear a dress which is very pretty & seen nowhere else in Norway, but the house servants, some of them came from another province and were "togged out" in

[ *Page 4* ]

a most surprising fashion. I have seen very few men in peasant dress which is too bad for it is so handsome. I suppose the ready-made clothing business has driven out the silver buttons and red and green waistcoats. We marched in to the Nicolaisons* and talked as well as we could; there were two funny old ladies from Christian^a visiting^ (Sister loves to talk about Christian sand,* more than any place in Norway!) and two young ladies who could speak a little English that pieced out our rags of Norwegian, beside Mrs. (Nicolaison?) and her daughter Wibeke, which they call Vebekka so I suppose it meant for Rebecca! She is just as nice as she can be, and a great

[ *Page 5* ]

2

crony of Mrs. Ole's. We were promptly invited to tea, and said we should be delighted to stay, and then we started out after a proper time to see the place. A little river runs in front of the house at the end of a funny old garden and beyond that there is an old church which belongs to the family. ^There were some old pictures on the walls{.}^ The altar piece is carved and then painted and there was an excellent collection of apostles and saints. Clothed in blue and red and much decked out with faded gilt and trumpets. The other carving was very rude and a droller little church you never saw. A maid in gallant array had fetched the keys which were about a foot long, (more or less) and it was inquired

[ 13 *circled in pencil in another hand appears above the word* array. ]*

[ *Page 6* ]

if we would like to see the other wing of the church where the family [ was *written over* were ] buried, and we said we should be pleased, so the doors were opened and to our astonishment instead of — I don't know what! we saw long rows of huge oak coffins with here and there a little one, all stowed away. Some of them had iron flowers on the top, and I suppose you think it was dreadful, but it wasn't! and we walked round and read the dates some of which were very old and tried to read the great brass plates. I almost laughed out loud there was something so funny about the ship's company after all. Nobody seemed afflicted among the live ones and you were not

[ *Page 7* ]

reminded of the next world particularly. It seemed as if the departed Formans* and Nicolaisons felt a good deal of pride in their excellent coffins, and some rivalry about who had the best one! There is something solemn and quaint about all the Norwegians, they are grave, simple people and every body does as his grandfather did before him, and yet they read a great deal and are quite up with the times too, in many ways. We shut the door after we had made this remarkable call and felt as if it had been kind to let in the sun for a little while. The room was plainly finished in unpainted wood like

[ *Page 8* ]

the peasants' houses and one door opened out doors and one into the church. Then we went off to see some ruins out in a field where there was once an old convent founded in 1106 by some monks who came from England and stayed here until thirteen or fourteen hundred and something and then were driven off, and burnt the 'Kloster' before they started. The Nicolaisons set some men to work a few years ago and dug out ~~a lot~~ some new rooms and the whole place is very curious and interesting. They found some stone coffins that must be very old indeed, and the cells [ *large ink blot* ] and the chapel were very well-preserved that

[ *Page 9* ]

3

is the walls were, so you could make out the plan very well indeed. Then we mounted into two gigs. Wiebeke and Mrs. Ole & A. F.* and I, and drove up on the hills to see the sunset and it was beautiful. I don't mean that we watched the whole sunset which takes some hours at this season of the year, but we saw the late afternoon light on some snow covered mountains. There was a regiment of soldiers in camp where we stopped on a little plain, and their tents looked very pretty. You will be amused when I tell you they had to come way down (or rather up) there from Bergen, more than twenty miles, to get

[ *Page 10* ]

a place large enough for a parade ground. Everything is all up and down hill in Norway. The soldiers had gone by a day or two before up the fjord in steamers, and as they passed the house the bands played some of Ole Bull's music and they were waving handkerchiefs and saluting Mrs. Ole, and she had both the big flags out as

quick as she could. All the people who can have a flag here to put up before the house. The music sounded finely from the water, and it is really most touching to see how much the country people seem to

[ *Page 11* ]

have loved Ole Bull.* They even called him their king sometimes, for he was a great politician and through him they gained a great deal beside the music he gave them. It is beautiful to see the way everybody treats Mrs. Ole. I did pity her so much the other day when the bands were playing, she seeming to feel so badly. The Norwegian airs are very plaintive at any rate — — But I must tell you about the supper at Lysökloster which was very good indeed, [ *deleted word* ] for we had two kinds of bread with caraway seed and two without, and salad

[ *Page 12* ]

and a kind of herring that is the best little fish you ever saw, smoked a little with juniper twigs, and salmon cured in a way that would make you try to eat the whole one, and there were 'kinds' of preserve and kinds of cheese and kinds of cake and you never saw such delicious things. A Norwegian tea is a good meal, but when it comes to a supper, words fail me! Really the cooking is something wonderful, and you get so hungry in the long days and with the

[ *Page 15* ]

fresh air and being on the water so much. After supper we each went solemnly to Mrs. Nicolaison and said "Tak for maden" which means thanks for the meal, and she mentioned we were quite welcome — Wilkommen, and we shook hands — and then we all shook hands with each other and said "Tak for gud scheloska" which means thanks for your good company, and then we went back to the parlour, and about ten it still being late in the afternoon we 'clipped it' back to the shore with the yellow horse and Haldor* was there with the boat and we rowed

[ *Page 16* ]

over to Lysö. Lyso-kloster^-house^ looks like a village. The servants live in a house by themselves near the big one except the housekeeper perhaps, and all the barns and storehouses are small and grouped together. When they want more room they build one, never [ *deleted word* ] ~~it on to the~~ ^enlarge the^ first! ("put on [ twenty-foot *?* ] to the barn")

Monday we went to Bergen on the steamer by a roundabout way through the fjords which was very pleasant. We drove about a good deal there and went to some shops and saw some pleasant people, one being ~~Mr.~~ Grieg* the famous composer. Today we came out most of

[ *Up the left margin of page 11 and down the top margin* ]

the way in three carrioles* with a stalwart peasant on the perch behind each one! It was great fun. Good by with lots of love to all, from Sarah.

[ *Up the left margin of page 1 and down the top margin* ]

You don't know what a blessing the lace you gave me has been, and I like it better and better. Mrs. Fields was so pleased with your letter.

I am so glad to hear all the news from home but I have so much to tell I never stop to talk about it when I write —

[ *Up the left margin of page 16* ]

Love to Cora.* I have had to write her little bits of letters lately, but you must let her see these.

**Notes**

*Bergen*: Bergen, on the west coast, is the second largest city in Norway.

*Lysökloster*: Wikipedia says: "Lyse Abbey or Saint Mary's Abbey, Lyse (Norwegian: Lyse kloster, Lyse Mariakloster) is a now-ruined Cistercian monastery in the municipality of Os in the county of Hordaland in south-western Norway." In *Ole Bull: A Memoir* (1882), Sara Chapman Thorp Bull describes her husband's beloved home on nearby Lysö, "the island of light" (pp. 306-13).

*Mrs. Ole*: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents.

*the Nicolaisons*: Nicolay Nicolaysen (1804-1875) married Anna Dorthea Nagel (1822-1905), his second wife, and was the father of Wibecke Nicolaysen (1846-1930). They lived on a large farm at Lyse Kloster and were close friends with Ole Bull, according to Trond Indahl. This is not Nicolay Nicolaysen (1817-1911) the famous Norwegian archaeologist.

*Christian sand*: Wikipedia says: "Kristiansand ... historically Christiansand, is a city and municipality in Norway. It is the fifth largest city in Norway.

*the departed Formans and Nicolaisons*: Henrik H. Formann (1800-1871) was a farmer and property owner at Lyse Abbey. According to Trond Indahl, Formann was the owner of the island that Ole Bull bought after Formann's death, on which to build his villa. Presumably Formann and his ancestors, along with the Nicolaysens are the main families buried in this crypt.

*loved Ole Bull*: In *Ole Bull: A Memoir* (1882), Sara Chapman Thorp Bull describes a similar musical tribute during her husband's final illness (p. 313).

*Haldor*: In *Ole Bull: A Memoir* (1882), Sara Chapman Thorp Bull identifies Haldor as her family servant (p. 309).

*carrioles*: A cariole (also spelled carriole) was a type of carriage used in the 19th century. It was a light, small, two- or four-wheeled vehicle, open or covered, drawn by a single horse.

*Cora*: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett**

Shoals, July 20th (82

My dear ones, your notes from Clovelly! O the dear pictures! I am so delighted with them! What fascinating places! how did you come to go there? I am so pleased — & last night came the pretty Patience* [ programme *corrected* ]: the band is playing Patience while I write in this snatched moment before the dinnerbell rings. A Mrs. Foote from Springfield* has been here this [ morng *?* ]. She knows owlet. Stephen Wheatland's wife* just went out. There are heaps of lovely people. O my garden! You never saw the like! [ Blaze *or* Blare *?* ] doesnt express it. "Kinnie" Kerly & Jo Burnett are here. Jo is so handsome, sweet, graceful, distinguished, charming! — How I wish I had been with you when we went to the theatre! Quawk? I shd. think so! It's lucky I wasn't there for the police would certainly have been obliged to take me in hand.

Rose* & I sit every day & are very

[ *Page 2* ]

happy — conscious of soft hands about us in the darkness & silence. We never are ready to leave the charmed darkness — it is too sweet. Rose thrives: she looks so well & happy. Mr. Darrah still lingering with the Wilds — I hear from Lucy Derby at Campobello, she likes it.

21st Early in [ morng *?* ]. Must send this poor word by early boat. Will write to Owlet if can, today or tomorrow. Such poppies, tell her! I can't tell you how I love those little photos & [ pore *corrected from* pour *?* ] over them & enjoy them. Clovelly must be the prettiest place that ever was.

We are having the divinest days, soft refreshing showers, hot bright calms, just perfect summer weather — I think & talk of you every day & love you always, dear owl & flower!

Your C. Sandpiper

**Notes**

*Pin*: Thaxter is using intimate nicknames shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Pinny and Owl/Owlet are Jewett; Flower is Fields; Sandpiper is Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

*Clovelly*: In letter of 2 July 1882, Jewett reports staying at the New Inn in Clovelly (Devon), and may have included a photo of the inn with a 27 June letter to Theodore and Caroline Jewett Eastman.

*Patience*: *Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride*, is a comic opera by Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert, first performed in 1881.

*Mrs. Foote from Springfield*: Jewett and Fields were acquainted with Kate Foote. Key to Correspondents. However, she is not known to have resided at Springfield, MA.

*Stephen Wheatland's wife*: Stephen Goodhue Wheatland (1824-1892) was a Massachusetts politician who served in several capacities including in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. His wife was Ann Maria Pingree (1846-1927). Wikipedia.

*"Kinnie"Kerly & Jo Burnett*: This transcription is uncertain. Rosamond Thaxter names Kennie Kerly as a regular Appledore visitor, but this person has not yet been identified further (*Sandpiper*, Randall 1963, 1999 p. 200).

Grandfather Burnett is American educator and businessman, Dr. Joseph Burnett (1820-

1894). His son, Edward Burnett (1849-1925), who served in Congress, married Mabel Lowell (1847-1898), the daughter of American poet, James Russell Lowell.

Though Thaxter's spelling suggests that Jo may be female, in fact Mabel Burnett's oldest son was Joseph Burnett (1873-1909). See Thaxter to Fields of 23 July 1882.

*Rose*: Rose Lamb. Key to Correspondents.

Thaxter refers to Spiritualist sittings in which she and Rose Lamb engaged, as reported in other Thaxter letters of this summer. As they employed no medium, their experiences were limited to non-verbal contact. See, for example, Thaxter to Fields of 23 July.

*Mr Darrah ... the Wilds*: In 1886, Annie Fields wrote an obituary piece on Robert K. Darrah (1818-1885), who, according to *Memorial Biographies of the New England Historical Society*, was a Boston merchant who became appraiser at the Custom House in 1861 (p. 211).

Hamilton Gibbs Wild (1827-1884) was an American portrait and landscape painter. His mother was Hannah Hall Robinson Gibbs Wild (1803- 20 July 1882).

*Lucy Derby at Campobello*: Probably this is Lucy Derby (1851-1925), who in 1895 married Rev. Samuel Richard Fuller.

Campobello Island in New Brunswick, Canada, was a summer tourist resort, like the Isles of the Shoals.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

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**Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields**

23rd July.

[ *1882* ]

Yesterday Mr Burnett ^grandfather^ came down bringing one of Mabel's children, Jo,* the second boy, the image of his mother, & so picturesque that he was a fascinating object to behold. No end of yachts came sailing down the coast in the afternoon & anchored in the Roads, as they call the space 'twixt this & Star,* & lots of people came down to meet them, or their friends who sail in them rather, in the night boat — It was all very gay & charming — Ellen & Robert Bancroft, friends of Rose's,* came last night too, from Beverly — very nice. The Osgoods* prolong their stay— they are a great addition — Mrs O. ornamental & pleasant — Mr O's voice always ready & lovely — There is a Dr Keating* here, I think from Philadelphia — he is, as the girls say, "just too charming for anything" — French, about sixty, distinguished looking & with his national charm of manner, old & young, the female sex acknowledge his fascination. He is rich in many years of close observation & experience, his conversation is <u>most</u> interesting & delightful. He is a

[ *Page 2* ]

friend I think, of the Dr Fords* but of very different caliber — they are so heavy & pompous — hopeless bores, begging Ida's* pardon!

Rose & I have wonderful times with our experiences, at all hours, under all circumstances — We find ourselves touched in all sorts of ways, sometimes so startling that we pause in the midst of rapid talk in a room full of people & are hardly able to speak another word. This <u>happened</u> so impressively to Rose last night when she was saying some thing about the [ Swedenborgians* *corrected* ] who never mourn for their dead, feeling they are always near — "I wish I felt as sure as they" she said. At once her hand was clasped so distinctly that she lost her head entirely & did not know one word of what she was saying, whether it was sense or [ nonsense *corrected* ] — Tho' it happens every day we never get used to it — it is just as delicious & wonderful every time — Various people have said to me "I hear you have altered your opinion about Hunt's death* & no longer imagine it to have been voluntary — Is it so? & why then have you changed your mind?"

[ *Page 3* ]

Then I sound them, & if I find I can tell them, I do it — I have not the least wish to evade the declaration of my belief, but you know how it is — I told Mrs Bowditch* & Jo Burnett of my own personal experiences & found them <u>intensely</u> interested & quite ready to accept it. Of course if I hadn't known they [ *unrecognized mark* ] [ would *corrected* ] be I should not have told them — I wish I could get hold of Lowes Dickinson* — Miss Kate Fox* is in London. I have a friend here who is personally acquainted with her{.}

24th July.

Again at breakfast one word — Burnett brought Mabel's Joe down the other day & they

are still here — such a picturesque & pretty creature, the child! The image of his mother — My poor old farmer John* came over from the farm to spend Sunday — Last night Mr Osgood sang the solo in the Greek Chorus* — The fine notes drew all the people across the

[ *Page 4* ]

lawn & they crowded all round my quarters, piazza, garden, everything full. Rose & I are going over to the farm presently. I dread it, tho' only for a day — [ Jo *corrected* ] Burnett calls Dr. Keating "the Heart breaker" — He is so charming!

[ O *corrected* ] what poor scrawls I send you! Hardly better than nothing at all — Only my dear love to you both* — My garden is beyond ——! All the new yellow flowers so heavenly —

Goodbye with blessings on you both

Your

C.

**Notes**

*1882*: This letter continues discussion of the paranormal experiences Thaxter and Rose Lamb shared during Lamb's stay at the Isles of the Shoals during the summer of 1882.
*Mr. Burnett*: Grandfather Burnett is Joseph Burnett (1820-1894). His wife, mentioned later in the letter is Jo / Josephine Cutter Burnett (1830-1906). They were the parents of Edward Burnett (1849-1925), who married James Russell Lowell's daughter, Mabel Lowell. The Lowells were friends and correspondents of Fields and Jewett. Key to Correspondents. Edward and Mabel Burnett were the parents of at least 8 children. Their second son was Joseph Burnett (1874-1909).

*Star*: One of the islands of the Shoals. Thaxter writes from Appledore, another of the islands.

*Ellen & Robert Bancroft ... Rose*: For Rose Lamb, Key to Correspondents.

Ellen Bancroft (1838-1912) and Robert Hale Bancroft (1843-1918) were the surviving children of cotton merchant Thomas Poynton Bancroft. (1798-1852) and Hannah Putnam (1799-1872). According Back Bay Houses, Robert was an insurance broker who retired in the 1870s, thereafter traveling abroad several times with his sister. He married in 1891. The Bancrofts had a summer home in Beverly, MA.

*Osgoods*: Probably Thaxter refers to George Laurie Osgood (1844-1922) a Boston performer, voice teacher, composer and conductor. In 1883, he was married to his first wife, Jeannette Cabot (d. 1888). See also *The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, p. 436.

*Dr Keating*: Almost certainly, Thaxter refers to Philadelphia physician Dr. William Valentine Keating (1823-1894). In 1883, he was a 60-year-old widower. While he was not born in France, his grandfather immigrated from France. See also "Memoir of John M. Keating, M.D." (his son) in Transactions of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia 16 (1894), p. xxxv.

Dr. Ford has not been identified. Dr. Keating had some association with Dr. William H. Ford (1839-1897) of Philadelphia. Whether he married is not yet known.

Ida also has not been identified, though as Thaxter refers to her by first name, she may be Ida Gertrude Beal, step-daughter of Field's sister, Louisa Jane Beal. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

*Swedenborgians*: Lamb refers to the New Church (Swedenborgian), based upon the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772), particularly, perhaps, the doctrine of an intermediary stage after death and before a final judgment that determines one's eternal destiny.

*Hunt's death*: American artist William Morris Hunt (1824-1879) was believed to have drowned himself in a pond on Appledore. Thaxter discovered his body.

*Mrs Bowditch*: Dr. Henry Ingersoll Bowditch (1808-1892), owned a cottage on Appledore. His wife was, Olivia Jane Yardley (1816-10 December 1890).

*Lowes Dickinson ... Miss Kate Fox*: Lowes Cato Dickinson (1819-1908) was a British portrait painter and Christian socialist, founder of the Working Men's College of London. He married Margaret Ellen Williams.

Possibly Kate Fox is Catherine Fox (1837-1892), youngest of the notorious Fox sisters who are credited with the founding of Spiritualism, the belief system to which Thaxter at this time was deeply committed. In 1882, this Kate Fox was living in London; she was then the widow of H. D. Jencken. Wikipedia.

*John*: Thaxter's middle son. Key to Correspondents.

*the Greek Chorus*: Thaxter seems to refer to a specific musical work, but which one is not yet known.

*both*: Thaxter writes to Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett, who are traveling together in Europe at the time of this letter.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Lysö 27 July [ 1882 ]

Dear O.P.

This is the last letter you will get from Norway, for tomorrow we are going down to Bergen and Saturday we take the steamer back to Hull.* I am so sorry to leave Lysö, but there is always so much to ~~leave~~ look forward to this summer that I can't help being in hurries to see the places ahead. It has been beautiful weather the last few days and the mountains are magnificent. Sometimes we walk and sometimes go off in a boat. While it

[ *Page 2* ]

was so damp I had the rheumatism a little but I am getting over it now. It rained a good deal, but it was so pleasant in the house with bright birch wood fires in all the fireplaces that we did not mind it. All the company have departed, and for two days we have not had any body to dinner but for several days big boat loads would be seen crossing the fjord, and then there would be such a feasting! It is the proper thing for

[ *Page 3* ]

them to come to visit Frä Ole.* One day she and Mrs. Fields* had gone off for a long walk and I looked out and saw six friends approaching and you would have laughed to hear me try to be polite. I got Martha the housekeeper and some of them know a little English and two I had seen before, so I got along beautifully, and they were in full feather when Mrs. Ole came back. I got your letter of the fourth

[ *Page 4* ]

of July today, and I was so glad to hear so many particulars. Mrs. Fields had the Advertiser* sent her so I keep up with the news after a fashion. I was sorry to see that Governor Goodwin* had died. Mrs. Fields enjoys your letters so much. She and I have just been across the fjord with Haldor the best man to get Liza's* valise mended. You see there are no villages and so you go down the fjord to the shoemaker's and up the fjord to the carpenter's and the time taken in

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going shopping in this way is very considerable. We sat on a big rock while Haldor trotted up to the house with the bag. We meant to go too for we like so much to see the insides of the peasant's houses but there seemed to be a swamp just above the shore, so we gave it up, and sat in the sun. I don't feel as if I had seen any summer yet, for there is no such heat as we have at home, and I like it better. The climate is ever so much better in England I think

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than anywhere I have been, and I shall be glad to have a few more days there. We have a good deal to do in London. Sister is dying to see Holland! We mean now to stop in Antwerp over next Sunday and then go to Amsterdam and then down the Rhine. We mean to be at Montreux or Interlaken in Switzerland the tenth of August. I like to tell you where I am going to be so you will know [ where *corrected* ] to think of me [ 14 *circled in pencil in another hand* ] sometimes! With love to all

[ yours *corrected* ] the Queen

**Notes**

*Lysö*: In *Ole Bull: A Memoir* (1882), Sara Chapman Thorp Bull describes her husband's beloved home on Lysö, "the island of light" (pp. 306-13).

*Hull*: A port city in Yorkshire, England; its full name is Kingston upon Hull.

*Frä Ole*: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Advertiser*: Wikipedia says: "The Boston *Daily Advertiser* (est. 1813) was the first daily newspaper in Boston, and for many years the only daily paper in Boston."

*Governor Goodwin*: "Ichabod Goodwin (October 8, 1794 - July 4, 1882) was the 27th governor of the state of New Hampshire from 1859 to 1861."

"Goodwin was born at North Berwick, Maine and educated in South Berwick. He became a merchant in Portsmouth, New Hampshire working in the counting house of Samuel Lord, becoming master and part owner of several ships, and eventually the owner of two railroads, two banks, and a textile factory. In 1827 he married Sarah Parker Rice. Their daughter Susan married Admiral George Dewey." Wikipedia.

*Haldor*: In *Ole Bull: A Memoir* (1882), Sara Chapman Thorp Bull identifies Haldor as her family servant (p. 309).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

The North Sea!

Thursday — [ 1882 *penciled in another hand* ]

Dear O. P.

I have grabbed some paper to tell you that the voyage is nearly at an end, for we have come in sight of land this afternoon and shall put into port at Stavanger* early this evening. M$^{rs}$ Ole* says the steamer always [ stops *corrected* ] there several hours, and so we can go ashore and have supper & a drive. Then we come on board again and shall get into Bergen some time tomorrow morning

[ *Page 2* ]

but we are on smooth water all the time unless the wind should come up very much. It has been very smooth for the North Sea but that isn't saying it was like a river! However by keeping quiet we have been comfortable and none of us have been sick though there were one or two times of uncertainty!! The coast looks barren and rocky and there is a row of great mountains all along — — I never thought to tell you that one day driving in Hyde Park in London I had several good looks at the Princess of

[ *Page 3* ]

[ of *repeated* ] Wales and her little girls and quite fell in love with her she is so lovely. Wasn't it too bad Miss Thackeray/Mrs. Ritchie has been out of town both times we have been in London, and just the day we were coming away she heard of our being there and wrote such a charming letter to ask us to come to her. I do hope we shall get time, but we shall be in a hurry when we go back, [ *deleted mark* ] and may have to go right through to the continent.* Goodbye with love from

Sarah —

**Notes**

*Stavanger*: Stavanger, Norway, is a short distance from Lyse, about 200 km from Bergen.

*Mrs. Ole*: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents.

*continent*: 14 is circled in pencil above this word in another hand.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Edinburgh 2 August

Dear Mary

We had so little time that we gave up seeing any thing of Scotland, but I couldn't bear not to see Edinburgh at all so I have scooted up here (with Liza for protector!) just for a day or two. ~~and~~ I am so glad I did, for it is a great satisfaction to have seen the beautiful old city where so many men and women have lived whom I have known in books. I got here too late today to see Holyrood Palace where Mary Queen of Scots lived,* but I shall have time to go there to-morrow. I have

[ *Page 2* ]

been driving all about the old town and new town this afternoon, and anything more quaint and curious than the old city you never saw! Some of the houses I saw are twelve stories high and as they were built before the days of elevators{.} I should think the people who lived in the top-lofts must have had a struggle for existence!! I saw John Knox's house and the Burns monument and the beautiful Scott Monument* which is very near the hotel —

indeed I have taken a good look at the outside of ~~the~~ Edinburgh and tomorrow I am going

[ *Page 3* ]

into Holyrood and the castle. It brings back Scott's novels and "Rab and his friends" and every thing about Burns and Christopher North* and so many other people, to be here. The names of the streets are all so familiar and I would almost as soon have missed seeing London as ~~this~~ Edinburgh. Mrs. Ole and A. F.* went down to London when I came here and I am to join them late tomorrow night. We had a very good passage from Norway, the days went very fast, and very comfortably. Except one when I turned in at night

[ *Page 4* ]

in a very shaky state, but I was not seasick — I don't know what has come over me! but I suppose I shall catch it crossing the channel Saturday! We landed in Hull early yesterday morning and came to York to spend the night leaving there early to day. The Old York of all is a most amusing place and the original York Minster* is more beautiful than any words of mine can describe. I meant to get some pictures of it, but none of them did it any justice. The arches are so high that

[ *Page 5*

*Letterhead* ]

The Windsor Hotel,

Edinburgh

[ *End letterhead*

*Jewett has written from the top of the page, around the letterhead.* ]

2

you look up and up and up at their beautiful curves and they seem to go almost to the sky itself. We drove about the curious crooked old town for an hour or two and then went to service and the music was most beautiful. Flocks of little white-surpliced chorister boys come down the aisles two by two with the men singers and the clergymen following, and they sing like angels, and the organ music is wonderfully beautiful too. It does seem so silly to mock such a service in little wooden churches. After you have

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heard the chanting in a great cathedral, you like to think of it, but you don't care much for the church of the Advent proceedings! The cathedral was first built in 600, just think of it! and I went down into the crypt (or under the lower arches below the floor) and saw a piece of the old wall. ~~We~~ The stained-glass windows are the finest in England and perfectly beautiful, so rich and dim, and the light in the minster is most lovely. On the way here

[ *Page 7* ]

I came through Durham and saw Durham Cathedral and castle, both of which are very near the railroad. I should like to go in! but it is some thing to have seen the outside. I came through Berwick-on-Tweed* too, and a gray-looking timeworn place it is. Down near Newcastle you don't know what a desolate looking country there is, all among the collieries, the soil is so black and everything is grimy. It really was delightful just to know I had crossed the line and was in Scotland, and

[ *Page 8* ]

in fact it was happiness enough just to get back to England. Norway was as charming as it could be, but when we got out into the country from Hull, I felt as if I were getting home after a visit. I am afraid I shall have to give up the pleasure of bringing so many things home as I hoped and planned, for it takes my hoard pretty fast just to go about. I suppose it will be different at the countryside but the shops here are pretty much like those at home and things are no cheaper. I must say goodnight

[ *Up the left margin of page 5* ]

with love to all of you. Yours always lovingly, Sarah.

**Notes**

*Liza*: Liza is a servant of Annie Fields, who accompanied the pair on this trip.

*Holyrood Palace ... Mary Queen of Scots*: Wikipedia says: "The Palace of Holyroodhouse..., commonly referred to as Holyrood Palace, is the official residence of the British monarch in Scotland. The 16th century Historic Apartments of Mary, Queen of Scots and the State Apartments, used for official and state entertaining, are open to the public throughout the year, except when members of the Royal Family are in residence." Mary Stuart was Queen of Scots from 1542 to 1567, when she was forced to abdicate. In 1587, Queen

Elizabeth I of England, seeing her as a threat to the English throne had her executed.

*John Knox's house and the Burns monument and the beautiful Scott Monument*: John Knox (c. 1513-1572) was a Scottish minister and author, a leader of the Protestant Reformation. He lived his final years at what is now the John Knox House in Edinburgh. Wikipedia.

Scottish poet Robert Burns (1759-1796), "widely regarded as the national poet of Scotland.... " Wikipedia.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) was a popular Scottish author of historical novels.

"In Edinburgh, the 61.1-metre-tall Victorian Gothic spire of the Scott Monument was designed by George Meikle Kemp. It was completed in 1844, 12 years after Scott's death, and dominates the south side of Princes Street." Wikipeida.

*"Rab and his friends" ... Christopher North*: "John Brown ... (1810-1882) was a Scottish physician and essayist best known for his 3-volume collection *Horae Subsecivae* (*Leisure Hours*, 1858), which included essays and papers on art, medical history and biography.... His dog story, "Rab and his Friends" (1859), and his essays "Pet Marjorie" (1863), on Marjorie Fleming, ten-year-old prodigy and "pet" of Walter Scott, "Our Dogs", "Minchmoor", and "The Enterkine" are the most notable."

Scottish author, critic and academic John Wilson of Elleray (1785-1854) published under the name of Christopher North of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*.

*Mrs. Ole and A. F .*: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull and Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents. "The Cathedral and Metropolitical Church of Saint Peter in York is commonly known as York Minster."

*Berwick-on-Tweed*: Wikipedia says that Berwick-upon-Tweed is the northenmost town in England, just 2.5 miles from the Scottish border. Jewett was particularly interested in this town from which she believed her home town of South Berwick, ME took its name. South Berwick sits near the border between Maine and New Hampshire.

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**Celia Thaxter to Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields**

Shoals ~~July~~ Aug. 2nd (82

It is longer than usual since I heard from you, dear travellers twain. The last letter from Oxford & Stratford. I hope you get my letters, — poor scraps, but constant.

The summer scampers — Mr. Darrah went yesterday, full of enthusiasm about our cherished secrets. Rose* had a letter extending her absence to the 15th! She laughed — it has been the queerest thing how the whole matter has been quietly managed. She has not lifted a finger — meant to stay here 3 or 4 days at most, & see how everything arranged itself.

5th August. It is harder for me to find an instant to write than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven!*

[ *Page 2* ]

This is a hot, bright Sunday morning, & we have been six weeks without a drop of rain! My garden dies daily, for I may not water it, the supply is so short that we fear having to send to the land for water for this great family of five hundred more or less.

O where to begin! Did I say I had been over to the farm & got my poor Roland* over here{?}

Yesterday two surgeons examined his knee, Drs Keating & Gross* & said it was doing well & I am hoping for the best — They are famous men & ought to know — I am so grateful — I sit at my painting table at work & he lies outside in a couch with pillows, within reach of my hand, & he hears all the lovely music, for Mr. Eichberg & Paine

3

^& Van Raalte^ & William Mason & Frank Jackson's tenor voice* all combine & give wonderful mornings and evenings of delight. Such Bach trios! Such Beethoven Sonatas! Such wonders of heavenly sound! And! Lony's ears listening too — I am so grateful. Mr. Thaxter is here of course reading the Red Cotton Nightcap to Mrs. Silsbee,* <u>if</u> you please, & otherwise making himself agreeable. Piles of lovely people. Aunty Reed & Eva, the Appleton Browns & Mrs. Eichberg coming next week —

Joe Burnett goes tomorrow — I have enjoyed so much her stay — she is beautiful —

[ *Page 4* ]

Monday

O dear — for a chance to write! Did I say Cora* came over from York, brown as a berry & full of spirits? Frank Jackson up this a.m. & breakfasts with me so can't write! Last night twixt 12 & 1, midnight was wrastling with hose, trying to save my garden with a little drop. No rain for six weeks!

Roland is really improving{.} Got him just in time to save him from a stiff knee for life. Dearest love to you [ both *?* ]

Your C

**Notes**

*Mr. Darrah ... Rose*: In 1886, Annie Fields wrote an obituary piece on Robert K. Darrah (1818-1885), who, according to *Memorial Biographies of the New England Historical Society*, was a Boston merchant who became appraiser at the Custom House in 1861 (p. 211). For Rose Lamb, Key to Correspondents.

*kingdom of heaven*: See the Bible, Matthew 19:24.

*Roland*: Nicknamed "Lony," Roland was Thaxter's youngest son; born in 1858, he was about 24 at the time of this letter. Key to Correspondents.

*Drs Keating & Gross*: It is difficult to be certain about these physicians. One likely possibility for Dr. Gross is Samuel D. Gross (1805-1884), a Philadelphia surgeon immortalized in Thomas Eakins's painting "The Gross Clinic."

In a letter to Annie Fields, quoted by Rosamond Thaxter (Randall 1963,1999, p 200), Thaxter identifies Dr. Keating as also from Philadelphia. It is likely that she refers to author and physician, Dr. John Marie Keating (1852-1893).

Thaxter writes from the Appledore resort, where, she reports, there were currently about 500 guests.

*Mr. Eichberg & Paine ... Van Raalte & William Mason & Frank Jackson's*:

Julius Eichberg (1824-1893) was a German-born composer, musical director and educator in Boston. His wife was author, Sophie Mertens (d. 1927).

John Knowles Paine (1839-1906) was an American composer who also served as professor of music at Harvard University.

William Mason (1829-1908) was an American composer and pianist.

Frank Jackson (1850-1921) was a graduate of Harvard, who became a traveler and scholar. See *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine* 30 (1922), p. 106.

Van Raalte is almost certainly Albert Joseph Van Raalte (1859-1919), a business-man and musician in Boston, the son of Dutch (possibly Jewish) immigrants, Joël Joseph van Raalte (1832-1885) and Frances/Fanny Abrahams (1834-1902). His obituary in *Billboard* (Cincinnati) 31:16 (April 19, 1919) pp. 82-3, says that he "died April 1 at the Eliot Hospital, Back Bay, Boston, from injuries received in an automobile accident a few days previous. Mr. Van Raalte was engaged in the insurance business in Boston for fifteen years, but he was best known as a musician, having been first violin with the Boston Symphony Orchestra during its first two seasons. He was born in England sixty years ago and came to the United States as a child. In addition to his connection with the Symphony Orchestra he was for many years a teacher and professional player."

A student of Julius Eichberg, Van Raalte was active in various aspects of musical life in Boston, including performing with the Harvard Glee Club. See Wikipedia and Geneanet.org.

*Red Cotton Nightcap to Mrs. Silsbee: Red Cotton Night-Cap Country, or Turf and Towers* (1873) is a narrative poem by British poet Robert Browning (1812-1889). Mrs. Silsbee probably is Marianne Cabot Devereux Silsbee. Key to Correspondents.

*Aunty Reed & Eva*: Aunty Reed has not yet been identified. Fields was acquainted with two men named Reed. Sampson Reed (1800-1880), was a Swedenborgian writer; neither he nor his wife were living in 1882. Henry Hope Reed (1846-1896) was a Philadelphia lawyer, judge, and author. His mother, Elizabeth White Bronson Reed (1812-1899) and his wife, Sarita Elizabeth Bond Reed Potter (1862-1941), both were living in 1882.

Probably, Thaxter refers to Eva Channing, the daughter of American inventor, William Francis Channing (1820-1901) and Susan Burdick, and granddaughter of American Unitarian preacher, William Ellery Channing (1780-1842). Eva Channing (1854-1930) was an author and, like her mother, a suffragist. In

*Sandpiper* ((Randall 1963,1999, p. 200) Rosamond Thaxter mentions that Eva Channing was a regular summer visitor at Appledore. Wikipedia.

*Appleton Browns*: See John Appleton Brown and Agnes Bartlett Brown in Key to Correspondents.

*Joe Burnett*: Identifying this person is complicated.

In *Sandpiper* (Randall 1963, 1999 p. 200), Rosamond Thaxter quotes a letter to Annie Fields in which Thaxter identifies Jo Burnett as being a grand-child of Grandfather Burnett and a child of Mabel.

Grandfather Burnett is American educator and businessman, Dr. Joseph Burnett (1820-1894). His son, Edward Burnett (1849-1925), who served in Congress, married Mabel Lowell (1847-1898), the daughter of American poet, James Russell Lowell. Their oldest son was Joseph Burnett (1873-1909).

In this letter, though Thaxter has spelled the name as "Joe," she here seems to identify the person as female. Possibly, then, this time she refers to young Joseph's grandmother, Josephine Cutter Burnett (1830-1906), wife of Dr. Joseph Burnett (1820-1894). See also Find a Grave.

However, Mrs. Josephine Burnett also had a daughter named Josephine Burnett Kidder (1857-1937), who seems to have been unmarried at this time.

*Cora*: Cora Lee Clark Rice, whom Rosamond Thaxter mentions as a regular summer visitor to Appledore (p. 200). Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Antwerp —— 6 August 1882

Dear [ *deleted word* ] Mary

I started to write a letter to somebody else, meaning to write two or three and to write yours afterward but I concluded I was too sleepy! I am glad we are well across the channel but it is too nasty for anything and I am glad we shall have only the short passage (from Calais to Dover) to take when we are coming back in October. We were an hour late getting into Ostend and then after we had our trunks examined we came

[ *Page 2* ]

straight on here without stopping at either Bruges, Ghent or Brussels [ though *corrected, perhaps inserted* ] we had meant to stay at the latter place. Antwerp is much more interesting and we have had a lovely day here. It is so nice to have had a Sunday to begin with, for the people are all out and it was the day too to see the great pictures in the Cathedral and museum by Van dyke and Rubens.* They are astonishingly beautiful. Do you remember that little coloured print of the Descent from the Cross that Mrs. [ Nedick *?* ]* brought mother years ago? I saw the original of that, one of the most splendid pictures in the

[ *Page 3* ]

world! and I was surprised to find how well the little picture was coloured. But people may talk about good copies — nothing gives you any idea of the beauty of the pictures themselves, and the colors are so rich, and the faces look down at you from the wall as if they were [ *deleted word* ] alive The hotel where [ we *corrected* ] are is close to the Cathedral and we hear the bells chiming every few minutes. Only think of a chime of ninety bells! You never heard more lovely music than they make

[ *Page 4* ]

and there is one old fellow it takes sixteen men to ring. I wonder what Walton Bell* would have to offer on that subject? The spire is more than four hundred feet high and carved in gray stone until it looks like lacework. Most of the shops were open when we started for mass this morning, and we were tempted by some wooden spoons in one window. (Price seven cents.) Tomorrow late in the morning we are going to Rotterdam and we shall spend the night in either the Hague or Amsterdam, probably the latter. Every thing is so different here from England, the men in blouses

[ *Page 5* ]

and wooden shoes and the women in flapping lace caps. I thought first I would get some lace here [ *deleted word* ] in Brussels, but Paris is the best place now for all such things. Though I may go out early tomorrow to some shops Jim McHenry* told me about, and see if there is any thing I want and if I can get it at a decent price. I always had an idea you could get things

cheaper in England but my experience is that they are quite as much and oftener more. Travelling is more expensive there than any where else, and some days money fairly flew out of my pocket for carriage, and hotels and

[ *Page 6* ]

porters &c. But I must say one thing, that I never felt so certain of getting my money's worth and that's the main point! I only hope you won't be disappointed because I shall have so few things to bring home. As for many pictures and curiosities and things of that kind, I found they were going to be pretty much out of the question if I wanted to see the places we had started for, and I do think that is the most importance [ *so written* ]. I would rather see Antwerp Cathedral than have any good clothes I ever saw! I can see Mother laugh and say she supposes the Queen is

[ *Page 7* ]

running ashore! but such is not the case quite yet. Only she was moved to make the foregoing reflections on the vanity of riches that you bring abroad . . . . .

I did not have time to write at all while I was in London this last time but I got there all [ right *corrected* ] from Edinburgh and found Mrs. Fields* waiting up for me with a delicious little supper. Plums are now ripe, and such big sweet plums as you never saw! We are always going head first into a bag full of them and we often have some rolls and fruit for lunch and like nothing better. The fruit is so rich

[ *Page 8* ]

and sweet here, not like the tasteless out-west fruit. Mrs. Fields and I got a lot of letters in London which was pleasant enough, and Mr. Whittier sent us a letter of introduction to John Bright which we left at his house in Piccadilly* but too late for any good to come of it ~~though~~ ^for^ he sent a note asking us ~~to come~~ there the morning we left. We have had charming letters from thy friend all the way along and Mrs. Fields has written him several times but I have only managed to send two letters. I must tell you of the most beautiful day Mrs. Fields and I had. We went part way up the Thames by boat and part by train to

[ *Page 9* ]

Richmond where we had a lovely drive and lunched at the "Star and Garter" like people in novels.* It is a beautiful hotel on the hill overlooking the Thames and the view is perfectly exquisite across the country. You know what a celebrated place it is? We saw Pope's Villa at Twickenham and drove along near the river and through Bushey Park.* I wish you could see one avenue, a mile long and horse Chestnut trees five in a row on each side as big as that one by Mr. Hobbs's.* You can't think how beautiful it is to look in among them* as you drive along. We

[ *Page 10* ]

were on our way to Hampton Court Palace, which was even more beautiful than I imagined. It isn't a royal palace any more, but old ladies live there, who are [ are *repeated* ] very poor and of very high degree and there were the brass door plates of Lady this and that, ^scrubbed^ very bright, fastened up by the entrances — It is getting too late to write any more, but you may expect to have advices from Holland very soon. Sister has seen sights of windmills already. She said good-by to Mrs. Ole* in London but perhaps she will join us in Switzerland. We weren't sick on the Channel! Farewell! from Sarah

**Notes**

*Antwerp… Descent from the Cross*: The Cathedral of Our Lady, a Roman Catholic cathedral in Antwerp, Belgium. The largest bell in the church's tower requires sixteen ringers.

Among three paintings by Peter Paul Rubens in the cathedral is "The Descent from the Cross" (1612-14), which is the central panel of a tryptych. Wikipedia says: "Sir Peter Paul Rubens ... (1577 -1640) was a Flemish Baroque painter. A proponent of an extravagant Baroque style that emphasized movement, colour, and sensuality, ..."

"Sir Anthony van Dyck... (1599-1641) was a Flemish Baroque artist who became the leading court painter in England, after enjoying great success in Italy and Flanders. He is most famous for his portraits of Charles I of England and his family and court, painted with a relaxed elegance that was to be the dominant influence on English portrait-painting for the next 150 years...."

The Royal Museum of Fine Arts in Antwerp holds a number of paintings by both Rubens and Van Dyck.

*Mrs. [ Nedick ?* ]: This transcription is uncertain and the person unknown.

*Walton Bell*: This reference is uncertain. Perhaps Jewett refers to the bells of St. Mary's and St. John's at Walton-on-Thames in the United Kingdom, though it is not known how she was acquainted with this church. One of the bells in this church, labeled "the Walton bell," was cast by William Carter in the early 17th century. See *Surrey Bells and London Bell Founders* (1884) p. 95.

*Jim McHenry*: This is likely to be James Orne McHenry (1847-1943), a Jewett cousin from Philadelphia, PA., brother of Jewett correspondent Sarah (Sadie) Jane McHenry Howell. Key to Correspondents.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Mr. Whittier ... John Bright*: John Greenleaf Whittier, "the Quaker poet." Key to Correspondents. Fields and Jewett affectionately referred to the American poet as "thy friend." John Bright (1811-1889) was a British Quaker statesman and orator.

*Richmond … "Star and Garter"*: "The Star and Garter Hotel ... was ... located in the London countryside (later suburbs) on Richmond Hill overlooking the Thames Valley, on the site later occupied by the Royal Star and Garter Home, Richmond. The first establishment on the site, an inn built in 1738, was relatively small. This was followed by several other buildings of increasing size and varied design as the site changed from family ownership to being run by a limited company." Literary figures who frequented the establishment included Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, and William Makepeace Thackeray, and the inn appeared in several Victorian novels. Wikipedia.

*Pope's Villa at Twickenham ... Bushey Park*: "Alexander Pope (1688-1744) was an 18th-century English poet. He is best known for his satirical verse, as well as for his translation of Homer. Famous for his use of the heroic couplet, he is the second-most frequently quoted writer in *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* after Shakespeare....

"The money made from his translation of Homer allowed Pope to move in 1719 to a villa at Twickenham, where he created his now famous grotto and gardens. The serendipitous discovery of a spring during the subterranean retreat's excavations enabled it to be filled with the relaxing sound of trickling water, which would quietly echo around the chambers.... Although the house and gardens have long since been demolished, much of this grotto still survives. The grotto now lies beneath Radnor House Independent Co-ed School, and is occasionally opened to the public." Wikipedia.

Presumably, Jewett refers to Bushy Park, of which Wikipedia says: "Bushy Park in the London Borough of Richmond upon Thames is the second largest of London's Royal Parks .... The park, most of which is open to the public, is immediately north of Hampton Court Palace and Hampton Court Park and is a few minutes' walk from the north side of Kingston Bridge." Among the features of the park was the main thoroughfare, a Chestnut Avenue, "designed by Sir Christopher Wren as a grand approach to Hampton Court Palace."

*Mr. Hobbs's*: It is difficult to know to which Mr. Hobbs Jewett refers. There were at least two houses near to the Jewett houses in South Berwick that were occupied by members of the Hobbs family in 1882: the Cushing Mansion and the Charles E. Hobbs house, home of a local grocer.

*them*: The number 17 is circled in pencil in another hand above this word.

*Mrs. Ole*: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Amsterdam

7 August 1882

Dear Mary

We have had a most beautiful occasion here. We fell so deep in love with the place that we have stayed over another day and only wish it were a week. We did not stay long in Rotterdam because we were told that there was not much to see and it would be more satisfactory to spend the extra time here. [ *deleted word* ] So we were only there two or three hours — long enough to drive about. We thought

[ *Page 2* ]

that was a curious old place enough, but it is nothing to this! The canals intersect the city in every direction and you walk across little foot bridges and drive across larger ones. The ships come right into the heart of the city and you are forever kept waiting because the draw is up — The houses are very high with such funny gables in all sorts of fancy patterns, and most of the houses are almost black with the window sashes and trimmings painted white and they look as old as the hills. One old coop leans out into the street and one settles backward and it is very odd

[ *Page 3* ]

2

and funny. The women wear all sorts of queer headdresses. This afternoon we did a lovely thing. We took a little steamer and went down one of the canals to Zaandam where Peter the Great* lived once in disguise and learned shipbuilding, and we went into his little house which is taken great care of now and has another house built over it. Then we went off in a carriage ten or twelve miles to Broek a famous little village which is supposed to be the cleanest town in the world. We went through three or four other Dutch villages on the way, and were driving on the top of the dykes

[ *Page 4* ]

which are broad enough to make splendid roads. They are very high so we could see the canals with all their boats and the great sea-canal which is ever so many feet higher than the land. (I mean the fields) The ships come through that way now from the Channel and the North Sea to Amsterdam instead of going up around the North of Holland. Uncle [ William *corrected* ]* will know about it. You never saw anything stranger than looking up from the fields and seeing the ships perched up so high. Holland is lower than the sea, which gives you some idea of the patience of these people in the

[ *Page 5* ]

building the dykes and keeping the water out and reclaiming so much land from the sea. They are always working like ants in a hill. The land is really beautiful, and the farms so green and flourishing, and the black and white Dutch cattle look so pretty scattered through the fields. There is only a quarter or half an acre in a piece and a wide ditch all round out it, and little bridges from one field to another — I counted 126 big windmills this after

[ *Page 6* ]

noon from the deck of the steamer in a few minutes. There were [ groves *corrected* ] of them around Zaandam. We went into a big dairy and cheese house at [ Broak *so spelled, meaning* Broek ] and all over the house. The cattle live in one end and there are muslin curtains at the little windows that light their stalls!!! It was a charming afternoon. I am so delighted to have seen Holland. Mrs. Fields has gone to bed and so must I, for we have to be up early. Tell John* I don't know

[ *Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 5* ]

when I have had a letter that pleased me more that his. It was so nice and I hope he will write soon again. Give my love to him and to Anna and

[ *Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 6* ]

William — Mrs. Fields* sends love to all & so do I. Your loving Queen.

[ *Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 1.*

*It is not clear at what point Jewett meant this to be read.* ]

Do give my love to Annie Barker.* We go to Cologne tomorrow afternoon — Sister loves Amsterdam —

**Notes**

*Zaandam … Peter the Great*:Wikipedia says: "Zaandam ... is a city in the Netherlands, in the province of North Holland.... In 1697 the Czar Peter I of Russia spent some time in Zaandam, studying shipbuilding. The house where he stayed is preserved as a museum, the Czar Peter House."

Jewett seems consistently to write Zaardam rather than Zaandam, but it is difficult to be certain.

*Broek*: "Broek in Waterland is a town in the Dutch province of North Holland .... In the 17th and 18th century, the town was a popular residence for merchants and seafarers from Amsterdam." Wikipedia.

*Uncle William*: William Durham Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*John & Anna*: John Tucker. Key to Correspondents. Anna was a Jewett family employee.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Annie Barker*: Annie Barker was a South Berwick neighbor about whom rather little is known. In Mary Rice Jewett's 1892 letters to her sister while Sarah Orne Jewett was traveling in Europe, she reported regularly about Caroline March Barker (1833- 16 April 1892). According to Find a Grave, buried in the same cemetery in Rochester, NH, with Caroline Barker, is her first cousin, Anna Simpson Barker (1834-1921). It seems likely that she is the Annie Barker of this letter, then residing in South Berwick.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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[ *It is unclear how the following pages relate to the other letters from Jewett's time in Europe. They consist of pencil notes and drawings, very light and difficult to transcribe.* ]

[ *Page 1* ]

Zaandam. Enormous lumber centre. immense no. of wind mills mostly sawing 3 [ *unrecognized word* — gang saws? ] each. Almost afloat. 41 mills in sight on one side of train. land [ *unrecognized word* — left*?* ]

Sheep

Showers instantaneous

[ *A drawing of a windmill fills the lower left quarter of the page*. ]

[ *Page 2* ]

Beyond [ *unrecognized name* ] great stretches of meadow dotted with the whitest of [ sheep *?* ]. & Holstein cattle. Fine storks flying

just before Hoorn ran along just under lee of great dikes on other side of wh. was ZyderZee —

[ *On the left side of this page is a drawing of a building with a steep thatched roof, labeled*: Stable Hoorn. *Below the drawing is a circled number*, 18, *which probably is by another hand*. ]

Beyond Hoorn elm trees begin. Also many willows. Houses brick, blue or white stripe 2' high around bottom. Tree trunks blue sometimes — Broad daylight at 8 o-clock

Many very high peaked thatched roofs

[ *Page 3* ]

[ *Left top corner of left section of a page that was folded contains a drawing of a house with two chimneys and a high, steep roof. At the peak is a flat space that is labeled:* Storks nest ].

[ *Unrecognized word or abbreviation* — St. *?* ]

Beyond Hoorn.

Storks all out in fields for supper.

[ *Page 4*

*Not clear that this page belongs with the previous pages.* ]

[ *Written down the right side of an otherwise blank page* ]

E. L. P. New Eng. fr. Liv. 17th.

**Notes**

*Hoorn*: Hoorn is a town in northern Netherlands.

The manuscript of these notes is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

[ *Postkarte addressed to Miss Mary R. Jewett. South Berwick, Maine, U.S.A.*

*Text appears on the message side.* ]

Interlaken. Sunday 13th August.

_____

We reached here last night and I meant to send you a letter but I am pretty tired and am going to get rested before I even [ *unreadable word written over another* ] my letters. It is more lovely here than you can possibly imagine, and

the mountains are all in full view. This week on our way from Amsterdam we have stopped at Cologne, — & Heidelberg and Lucerne, and I shall have so much to tell you about when I write which will be tomorrow or next day. I have been going farther away which makes the letters longer in getting

[ *Written up the right margin and upside down on in the top margin* ]

to you. I was so delighted to get Mother's letter. With love, [ *signature obscured by a tear in the paper* ]

**Note**

The manuscript of this card is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields**

Oak Knoll

Danvers 8th Mo, 14 1882*

My dear Mrs Fields

I have just recd thy graphic & beautiful letter of the 2d inst. only a few days before I got dear Sarah's* from Lysö dated the 20th of June! There must have been a mistake on the date I suppose. I enjoyed both letters — the pictures they gave of the enchanted island — a spot made ever memorable by the great genius of Ole Bull, — was so fascinating that I almost complained of the Fates that made it impossible for me to be with you. But on second thought, I feel that I have no reason for repining, for am I not travelling by proxy, seeing with your

[ *Page 2* ]

eyes & hearing with your ears, lacking only your fatigue, and small discomforts, such as Irish inns, and Norwegian thunder and hail-storms? You are my travellers!

Thee speak of feeling summer for the first time on your arrival in London. We have felt it to our sorrow: for the last five weeks we might as well have been in Zanzibar as in New England. For days the thermometer has been higher in Boston than in Savannah or Pensacola. Finding Centre Harbor too hot, I went up to the Asquam House* on a hill 800 feet high & nearly surrounded by the

[ *Page 3* ]

Squam or Asquam lake, with a mountain horizon all round; and found it comparatively cool. There was a pleasant company there — three Yale professors among them. We staid two weeks, &, supposing the heated [ term *?* ]* over, returned to Amesbury & Oak Knoll to endure the very hottest week of the season. For four nights in succession I could not sleep. For the last two or three days there has been a sea-breeze, & we hope the weather will be more endurable.

I have just been to see my brother* who is at Lynn beach, and has been again very ill. He will have to resign his place in the Naval Office, where he has been for 20 years. He feels it

[ *Page 4* ]

necessary, but he says it is signing his death-warrant. He has been a hard worker & does not know how to rest. He has only been able to support his family, and he hates dependency, though he knows how willing I shall be to share what I have with him.

Where will you be now? In Paris?, Switzerland? — Italy? Dont go to Egypt & fall into the hands of Arabi!* It would be sad to hear of you "the unspeakable Turk's" prisoners. Don't wander alone in rural Italy, & fall a prey to the brigands. Above all, and seriously, don't stay too long in malarial Rome. Take care of your dear and precious selves, for the sake of all of us who wait for your return. And — don't take the time when you should rest for writing. I am selfishly glad to get your letters

[ *Page 5* ]

but, when I think of your rapid travelling & [ much / such *?* ] sight-seeing I know they have cost you too much. Just write a brief note & tell me where you are and of your well-being — and leave the details until you come back, though you cannot tell how pleasant your long letters are, to me. I shall write to S. O. J. in {a} day or two. I hope you have seen John Bright.* In Florence you will see Mrs. Alexander & her daughter Francesca and Mrs. Jackson, & Preston Powers* and other friends of mine if they are "in town" this summer.

Do you know that Julian Hawthorne* professes to have found a manuscript novel of his fathers, and is to publish it? — I am reading

[ *Page 6* ]

"Natural Religion" by Prof Seeley* — the author of "Ecce Homo" — a suggestive, and able book, which will rank with his first remarkable publication.* Dr. Cullis* of the "Faith-Cure" has been working Protestant miracles at Old Orchard Beach — and the lame walk & the deaf hear,* under his manipulation and holy oil. There seems no doubt that cases of nervous diseases are really some times affected. And I believe in the efficacy of prayer — the nearer we are drawn to Him who is the source of all life, the better it must be for soul & body.

But my letter must close. I have not half expressed my thanks for thine. With love to [ our *corrected* ] dear S. I am heartily & gratefully thy friend. John G Whittier

**Notes**

*1882*: Penciled marks on this MS include the numeral 8 at the top of page 1, two Xs before and after "I suppose" on page 1, and an X before "Where will you be" on page 4

*Sarah's*: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*Lysö*: Whittier has placed a mark near the "o," but it appears as an apostrophe after the letter. The correct spelling is given here. Lysö was the home in Norway of Ole Bull and Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents.

*Asquam House*: Now called Squam Lake, Lake Asquam is "in the Lakes Region of central New Hampshire…. The largest town center on the lake is Holderness." Richard Cary notes of Holderness: "A summer resort village in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Whittier was staying at a new hotel on the peak of Shepard Hill which afforded a magnificent view of the several lakes in its vicinity. The scene inspired his poems "The Hill-Top" and "Storm on Lake Asquam." See also Wikipedia.

*heated term*: Whittier has not crossed his "t's" in either word, rendering the second word even less certain.

*brother*: Whittier's brother, Matthew, died on 7 January 1883.

*Arabi*: Whittier writes of Colonel Ahmed 'Urabi (1841-1897, spellings vary), who was a leader of an Egyptian nationalist revolt against the Anglo-French supported administration during 1879-1882.

The phrase "unspeakable Turk" has been used in reference to a number of Muslim leaders in history. Whittier's punctuation is unclear. He seems to have written "the unspeakable Turk"'s prisoners."

*John Bright*: John Bright (1811-1889) was a British Quaker statesman considered "one of the greatest orators of his generation." Jewett and Fields were not able to meet Mr. Bright.

*Mrs. Alexander ... Preston Powers*: See Lucia Gray Swett Alexander in Key to Correspondents.

Pickard in his notes identifies Mrs. Jackson as the American author Helen Hunt Jackson (1830-1885). who is remembered especially for her advocacy on behalf of Native Americans.

Preston Powers (1843-1931), son of sculptor, Hiram Powers, also was a sculptor who worked in Italy.

*Julian Hawthorne*: Nathanial Hawthorne's son, Julian Hawthorne (1846-1934), also an author, edited his father's unpublished novel, *Doctor Grimshawe's Secret: A Romance* (1883).

*Prof Seeley*: John Robert Seeley (1834-1895) was a British historian and author. His first book was *Ecce Homo: A Survey in the Life and Work of Jesus Christ* (1865). His *Natural Religion* appeared in 1882.

*Dr. Cullis*: Dr. Charles Cullis (1833-1892) was a homeopathic physician who became a founder of the North American Divine Healing Movement. See *The Ministry of Healing, Or, Miracles of Cure in All Ages* (1882) by Adoniram Judson Gordon, pp. 205-9.

*lame walk & the deaf hear*: In the Bible, Jesus often heals the sick, including the lame and the blind. See for example, Matthew 11:5 and Luke 7:22.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4779. New transcription and notes.

This letter has been transcribed previously by Pickard, *Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*. v. 3.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett**

Interlaken

14 August

[ *1882* ]*

Dearest Mother

I was so glad to get your nice long letter and I only hope this will give you half as much pleasure as that [ gave *corrected* ] me. I have not sent anything but a postal card since I was in Amsterdam for I was travelling fast and we usually got to our stopping place at night and then took the morning for sight seeing — [ We *corrected* ] left Amsterdam with great sorrow for we both enjoyed it with our whole hearts. I wish I could tell you how [ *deletion* ] amusing it is — there is something very handsome too, about the tall houses, and there are trees planted alongside the canals, and queer old fashioned boats going and coming. The Dutch people are so kind and good-natured, and as for their language — it would

[ *Page 2* ]

amuse you beyond everything. I think it is the funniest looking language in the world. I sent Mary* a Rotterdam newspaper which I hope will edify her mind — There are words half a yard long! We left Amsterdam early one morning and were six hours on our way to Cologne. That part of Holland is all farming land (and water!) and there was not much to see that side of Cologne — We stayed over night and went to the splendid cathedral and spent so much time there that it was dark before we knew it and we were obliged to omit going to see the church of St. Ursula* and viewing the bones of the eleven thousand virgins ( ! ! ) which are on exhibition there. Mrs. Fields* said from her recollection of the

[ *Page 3* ]

show it was no great loss, still I think of it with deep sorrow, for the bones are put up in patterns and it does not take away from my interest because I have heard that they helped out the exhibition with sheep bones! There are more Cologne shops in [ the *corrected* ] city than you can shake a stick at — each claiming to be the original Farina* — We went to one we were told was the best and I didn't like it very well, and so I didn't get any — oh one bottle which I will try to bring home to you if I don't use it [ up — first! *So it appears* ] for the sake of the sentiment — The shop where they make the kind I like was at some distance, and I thought I wouldn't [ bother *corrected* ] I had only my little trunk and it was

[ *Page 4* ]

pretty full already — Next day we went to Heidelberg where we stayed at a charming hotel and had a beautiful drive to the top of a high hill where we could see way up the valleys of the Rhine and Neckar — and a little lower down as we came back, we went to see the Castle of Heidelberg which is a most famous and splendid great ruin. While we were there it was [ sunset *corrected* ] and we thought there never had been a more beautiful place or a better time to see it — [ I *?* ] bought a nice photograph of the castle — so you will see it — All that day we were coming up the Rhine, we meant of course to come by boat, but it takes a great deal

[ *Page 5* ]

2

longer and it did not look like a pleasant day at all so we changed our tickets and came by rail{,} saving ourselves a good deal of time and tiredness. The railway is just on the bank of the river so you get the views almost exactly as well — and the old castles were most picturesque and beautiful, but I cant say I [ lost *corrected* ] my head over that days sight-seeing — It wasn't a part of ~~the~~ Europe I ever cared very much to read about, and I must confess when I came to it I didnt understand the raptures many people go into. I can* think of so many things I have seen that I liked better{,} beautiful as the Rhine scenery is. You quite lose your sentiment about vineyards — I ^ ~~dont~~ ^ think they dont begin to be so beautiful or so picturesque

[ *Page 6* ]

as the hop-gardens in Kent — and the grapevines* have small leaves and are all tied to poles, so you are constantly reminded of beans! I laughed right out loud at one place and Mrs. Fields wished to know what the matter was, and I told her about "Bin-jin* on the Rhine!" to her great amusement. We stopped there, you know, and I suddenly thought of you and of the 'piece' at the Academy* — and I got into a great gale, thinking how you would laugh if you knew I was there just then — From Heidelberg we came to Luzerne — but through most beautiful scenery as we came nearer to the Alps — We had such a pleasant experience

[ *Page 7* ]

there. We had telegraphed for rooms but when we reached the hotel, the landlord told us with many regrets that he had been obliged to give us a room in a private house nearby — so over we went grumbling a little because we were tired. The porter went first and led us in through a gateway and [ *deletion* ] a lovely garden and

into an old house where a woman met us and showed us into the most charming chamber all wainscotted with oak-walls and ceiling and filled with exquisite furniture { — } cabinets and [ *deletion* ] desk etc and with most imposing family portraits on the panels — We didn't know what to think of it, but we 'turned in' delightedly and the fountain in the garden

[ *Page 8* ]

was splashing all night, and we took a good look at everything when we waked up in the morning{.} There were lovely china things on the old cabinets — vases and everything of that sort and it was a most beautiful place to be in really — The family were all away — and an old woman had charge of us — who used to be ladies maid in England, and she was very [ cheerful *?* ] and hobnobbed with Liza delightedly being very proud of her command of English — I dont know how it happened that the room was ~~to~~ let to us! We went to drive after breakfast and I found Luzerne most delightful{.}

[ *Page 9* ]

3

The river is beautiful here and the old bridges and towers would delight your heart. We saw the Lion of Lucerne* that Thorwaldsen [ *deletion* ] made — cut in the solid rock of a cliff — in memory of the Swiss soldiers — It was a beautiful day and the <u>snow</u> topped mountains were in full view — but I did not know anything about mountains until I reached here — We came part way by rail and then crossed Lake Thun in a steamboat, (or stoomboat as the Dutch call it!) Interlaken is in a valley like North Conway only the mountains are three times as high and the great snow-covered

[ *Page 10* ]

peak at the head of the valley fairly frightens you — I really cant look at it much it is so awful — reaching way up into the sky and shining and dazzling at you with its ice and snow — It has been very clear every morning — and cool and cloudy in the afternoon — but the night we reached here there was the most beautiful sunset and the way in which the peaks changed colour is something I never shall forget — Long after dark you could look away up at the Jungfrau and see it as bright as a great flame

[ *Page 11* ]

in the sky — Nobody knows anything about Switzerland until they see it for themselves — Next week we are going to take some little excursions but now we [ *deletion* ] are tired and are going to rest — Mrs. Fields and I have our breakfast [ *deletion* ] in our room and I dont get up until late and if I dont feel too sleepy we read and talk and the windows are open so I can lie in bed and look up at the mountains — I think we have the best room in the house — and are most

[ *Page 12* ]

delightfully situated in every way — I only wish I could whisk you and O.P. through the air this minute — Miss Adams* was waiting for us here and I am enjoying her so much — She and Mrs. Fields had not seen each other for five years — and you can imagine their pleasure — Miss Adams is like Mrs. Beal,* and it seems as if I had always known her. I am looking anxiously for Taddy's* letter but it did not come with yours and Mary's. I got one from O.P. which had been to Norway and back! — Mrs. Fields sends her dear love to you both — and so do I. I was so much

[ *Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 9* ]

amused about Kate and Mrs. Thaxter* — for Mrs. Thaxter didn't mean that I wrote{,} only that she heard from me. [ *unrecognized mark* ] Mrs. Fields writes her very often so I send messages and have only sent her two or three

[ *Up the left margin and across the top margins of pages 10 and11* ]

notes since I have been away! It's just as well though! Now I am here I am going to do better but I am sure people understand why I don't write. Love [ to *?* ] Taddy. I had such a nice letter from Eva,* yesterday. Love to Uncle William and John and Ann.* Tell Ann she ought to see the peasant girls in

[ *Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 12* ]

their Sunday clothes going to mass. I was so glad to hear about Sheila* looking so fine. I wish I had her here to drive. Goodby dear Mar from your loving Sarah.

**Notes**

*1882*: This letter was composed during Jewett's 1882 trip to Europe.

*Mary*: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents. Later referred to as O.P.

*St. Ursula*: Wikipedia says that Saint Ursula is a legendary saint from Roman Britain, said to have been martyred near Cologne along with her 11 thousand handmaids.

*Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Farina*: Italian-born German perfumier Johann Maria Farina (1685-1766) is credited with developing the original Eau de Cologne. Wikipedia.

*can*: Jewett appears to have written "cant" and then perhaps rubbed out the final letter.

*grapevines*: Jewett wrote "grapes," then deleted the "s" and inserted "vines."

"*Bin-jin on the Rhine*" ... *Academy*: Probably, Jewett refers to the poem by British author and social reformer, Caroline Elizabeth Norton (1808-1877), "Bingen on the Rhine." Bingen is a town along the Rhine, west of Frankfurt, where Fields and Jewett may have stopped during their train journey to Heidelberg. The poem was set to music in 1847 by German-American composer Herrman S. Saroni (1824-1900). Wikipedia.

It appears that Jewett and her family attended a performance of the song at the Berwick Academy in South Berwick.

*Lion of Lucerne*: Jewett varies her spelling at this point. The Lion Monument is a rock relief in Lucerne, designed by the Danish-Icelandic sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen (1770-1844). Wikipedia.

*Miss Adams*: Sarah Holland Adams, Fields's sister. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

*Mrs. Beal*: Fields's sister Louisa Jane Beal. See Fields in Key to Correspondents.

*Taddy's*: Taddy is Caroline Jewett Eastman

*Kate ... Mrs. Thaxter*: Which "Kate" Jewett means has not yet been determined. Mrs. Thaxter is Celia Laighton Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

*Eva*: Eva von Blomberg. Key to Correspondents.

*Uncle William and John and Ann*: William Durham Jewett, John Tucker, and Annie Collins. Key to Correspondents.

*Sheila*: Jewett's horse.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 263: Six letters to Caroline Frances Perry Jewett.

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**Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields**

Wed. A.M. 16 Aug

[ *1882* ]*

Dearest Annie:

Again your dear note & Pinny's from Edinburgh — And you got the poppy! Alas for the little garden wherein it grew! No rain for more than six weeks & a burning drought. Every thing dies, the sun flowers fall in failing ranks the sweet peas gasp & are not — — Rose Campion in a little [ clump *corrected* ] continually watered, blushes still, but my splendid marigolds are set like glowing suns, they went quite out — And the water is so short I must not use a drop except for what I get from the rooms in the house, — that won't save them — I've a pot of sweet Basil in bloom on the step [ & *within a light ink blot* ] a glorious Rudbeckia in a pot too.

2

Mr, Ware* is here — he told me what I thought lavender was really sweet Basil. I thought 'twas queer lavender{.} He is so nice — but he is really sick with [ nose *looks like* rose *?* ] cold, & all worn out with it — "Pourquoi?" Why nose* cold? Why should it exist to torment us, I wonder! —— I am on my way this morning, to make Emily De Normandie* a call between my boats — I am torn between my friends who all hold me with such loving hands, & cry out upon me when I leave them, but poor Emily needs me most just now. Rose* is just staying on, but must soon go now, dear child that she is!

Every one grows so fond of her, & as for me I quite lost my heart long ago. She has only tried two sketches since she came, but they are delightful, so warm & alive{.}

3

But she has not tried to do any thing but rest, & I am [ so *?* ] glad — She looks so brown & well it is a pleasure to see her. And I think she has thoroughly enjoyed it.

I am sure I wrote to you how Aunty Lunt* died Sat. & I went to the funeral on Monday. It was so beautiful that she could go — she was

so tired. But poor Emily is just about heart broken. She never has known any other mother.

——

O my dreadful pen has got an abundant fit, & writes like Niagara falls!*

This page was [ written *?* ] in steamer.

[ 4 *written over* 3 ]

And now it is Thursday [ morng *so written* ] & the Paines* & Rose are going off. O such a fog yesterday & today! I don't know what I shall do without Rose, I heard from farm yesterday that Roland* is getting on nicely with his knee. I am so grateful! Judge Cox of Guiteau fame* was here yesterday. He looked as if he had been thro' a mill. Eva & Cora* were to have come out yesterday, but the fog prevented. E. is spending a week in [ York *?* ] with Cora, & then returns here for a week. The family here is five hundred, more or less — Expect Mrs Angier & Joanne Rotch* today, to take Paine's room — I shall try to write to Pinny today. I hardly know which end I am on I am so busy — It was so nice to hear about Norway & the Viking ship!*

With a kiss for you & Owl Your C.

**Notes**

*1882*: This date is confirmed by Thaxter's references to Fields and Jewett traveling in Europe, as they were in the summer of 1882.

*Mr Ware*: Mr. Ware's identity is uncertain, but it is likely he is one of two people.

Darwin Franklin Ware (1831-1890) of Shelburne, MA, seems the less likely. Little is known of him. He is a candidate because Thaxter reports in a letter to Annie Adams Fields in *Letters of Celia Thaxter*, dated 21 April 1891, that Mr. Ware has recently died and that she misses him. Assuming the letter is correctly dated, this makes this Mr. Ware a strong candidate.

Darwin Erastus Ware (1831- 2 April 1897) would seem to be a stronger candidate, though his death date would call into question the dating of the letter to Fields from *Letters of Celia Thaxter*. He is a strong candidate because he lived in Boston, was well-known to Fields as a local lawyer and politician who served on the board of the Associated Charities of Boston. His wife was Adelaide Frances Dickey (probable life dates: 1844-1920).

*nose*: This word is underlined twice. Thaxter has asked "why?" in French, concerning the existence of nose colds. While in both instances, "nose" looks very much like "rose," it seems clear that she refers to nose colds.

*Emily De Normandie*: Emily. F. de Normandie (1836-1916). Her husband was a Unitarian minister, James de Normandie (1836-1924). See *Men of Progress* p. 360.

*Rose*: Rose Lamb. Key to Correspondents.

*Aunty Lunt*: Aunty Lunt probably is a relative of Mrs. De Normandie's grandmother, Ann Lunt Jones.

*Niagara falls*: Part of a New York state park since 1885, the Niagara Falls near Buffalo, NY, drains Lake Erie into Lake Ontario. It has the highest flow rate of any waterfall in North America.

*Paines*: John Knowles Paine (1839-1906), an American composer who also served as professor of music at Harvard University. His musician wife was Mary Elizabeth Greeley (1836-1920). Both were regular summer visitors at the Isles of the Shoals. Wikipedia.

*Roland*: Thaxter's youngest son. Key to Correspondents.

*Judge Cox of Guiteau fame*: Walter Smith Cox (1826-1902) was an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia at the time of the assassination of U.S. President James Abram Garfield (1831-19 September 1881). Cox presided over the trial of the assassin, Charles Julius Guiteau (1841-June 30, 1882). Wikipedia.

*Eva & Cora*: Eva von Blomberg and Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

*Mrs. Angier & Joanne Rotch*: Joanna Rotch (1826-1911) of Milton, MA., was an associate member of the American Society for Psychical Research in 1885-9. Her sister was Elizabeth Rotch Angier (1815-1884).

*Viking ship*: Fields and Jewett were in Norway during late July of 1882.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Interlaken

17 August 1882

Dear Mary

I haven't a great deal to tell you for we are leading a very quiet life! It has rained nearly every afternoon and nobody has cared, for it is so pleasant here in our rooms looking up the valley and seeing the clouds blowing about among the mountains. We read aloud a good deal and talk a good deal more! and Mrs. Fields* and I have great fun studying

[ *Page 2* ]

Italian. She knows it very well and I am beginning to stumble along pretty well with it already though not very far in a day. The pleasant days we go out to walk and to drive and I like Interlaken better every day. This morning the Grangers* came for [ us *corrected* ] to go to drive, but I wasn't up, and so A. F. went off with them by herself. They were up here first and we had a very nice time. They are such charming people, two girls and their mother, & we met them the other day coming down from Luzern & have seen a good

[ *Page 3* ]

deal of them since. Mrs. Fields has always been fond of the eldest girl. They are nieces of Mrs. Winthrop and she has been here too until yesterday. Poor Adele Thayer* looks to me as if she wouldn't live a great while. They were both very nice — poor things! They started yesterday to drive to Chamouny* and it must have poured most of the day for it certainly did here, though people say it often is bad weather in one of these deep valleys and fine weather in the next. You never saw anything so lovely as the little farms are high up

[ *Page 4* ]

on the sides of the mountains. The little bright green fields are such a contrast to the black pines and gray rocks. I don't see how the people get up and down for some of them are nearly as high as the sky, ^and look as if they were hung on a wall.^ It is so lovely looking out of the window this morning, and where we were at breakfast we had to be looking out every minute. I like breakfast time better than any time in the day,^ for once in my life!^ We have it up here and always the same things — coffee that is more delicious than any I ever saw and delightful bread and butter and honey. Every body eats a great deal of "Swiss honey" which is clear, and has the most delicious flavor you can imagine. Then we have a big dish of plums

[ *Page 5* ]

some being greengages of a description! and some being little and very yellow and some being large and blue. We have no end of flowers and it is so pleasant that I hate to think of going away though we shall be here two weeks longer I think and then travel a little in Switzerland before we go down to the Italian Lakes, and from there to Venice. We shall be there about the fourth or fifth of September and I really long to see Venice. Miss Adams* is very pleasant, but she seems more like Mrs. Fields's aunt than

[ *Page 6* ]

her sister. She has so many ^amusing^* stories to tell of her German life and we all have great fun sometimes. She is quite lame and she likes to go out to walk early in the day so she and Liza parade over into the village and come home with no end of plunder and news. The shops here are filled with carved things and jewelry made of the Swiss crystals, the amethysts &c.* I always thought the carvings cost little or nothing, but it is quite the contrary, though somebody told me you can get everything much cheaper at Lauterbrunnen and some of the higher-up villages.

[ *Page 7* ]

Sister has every account to give of remarkable things she has to eat, and one of the table d'hote dinners is too funny for anything. It takes forever to serve it, there are so many courses, and you have a course of beans and a course of cauliflower and a course of little cakes and a course of chops with a sauce or gravy [ *deleted word* ] which is indeed a mystery, and there are nice flaky tarts stuffed with lobster with a seasoning that makes you cry for more. Dear me I am always wanting to tell you things, and then

[ *Page 8* ]

when I come to write I forget them. Sister must now rise and shine and take her walks abroad, so no more at present. I will answer Carrie's* letter next ^time^{.} I wish you would tell me if she wanted any <u>wide</u> Roman sash — I can't remember, and do tell me over again if there was anything you wanted, for I should be so sorry if I forget. Mrs. Fields would send you a

great deal of love if she were {here}. She said "dear Mary" the other day, all out of clear sky! and demanded whether I always sent her love. If you tell me any more about Princess* you will see me come riding down from the

[ *Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 5* ]

pasture bareback. They put sleigh bells on all the Swiss horses, and there is such a jingling you would think it was midwinter. So no more at present from the Queen of Sheby.

**Notes**

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Grangers ... Mrs. Winthrop ... Adele Thayer*: Jewett was acquainted with Cornelia Adeline "Adele" Granger (1819/20-1892), widow of John Eliot Thayer (1803-1857), who was the third wife of Robert Charles Winthrop, an American lawyer, politician, and philanthropist. Representing Massachusetts, he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, 1847-49. Her parents were the politician Francis Granger and Cornelia Rutson Van Rensselaer. Adele Thayer has not been identified; presumably she would be a child of one of John Eliot Thayer's brothers, Rev. Christopher Toppan Thayer (1805-1880) or Nathaniel Thayer (1808-1883), but they are not known to have had a daughter named Adele. Though I have established no relationship between these Thayers and Adele Thayer, spouse of James E. Thayer, of New York state, it may not be mere coincidence that she died in April 1883. See also Wikipedia.

*Chamouny*: It appears that the Grangers have departed from Interlaken, on their way to Chamonix in France, which is about 250 km from Interlaken.

*Miss Adams*: Sarah Holland Adams (1823-1916) had moved to Europe after her mother's death in 1877, where she settled in Germany and became the translator into English of the works of Hermann Grimm. See Annie Fields in Key to Correspondents.

*amusing*: Jewett appears to have first inserted "amusing" in the fold between pages 6 and 7, then deleted it and inserted it instead in the left margin of page 6, just before "stories."

*Swiss crystals, the amethysts &c*: Wikipedia says that quartz or "rock crystals" are common near alpine glaciers throughout Europe and Asia. Carving such crystals has long been an income source for those living in the Alps.

*Carrie's*: Caroline Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

*Princess*: A Jewett family horse. See Blanchard, *Sarah Orne Jewett* (2002), p. 117.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett**

Oak Knoll Danvers

8 Mo. 17 1882

My dear Sarah Jewett,

My great pleasure in reading thy letter from "Norroway over the Foam,"* was marred by thy reflection that it was written when thee should have been resting. I am afraid that you work too hard and see too much, and, in addition to this, that you write your kind letters home, when you should be asleep. Of course, we dearly love to get them.

[ *Page 2* ]

I wish I could have sat with you on the cliff-side of Lynton, that Sabbath day* looking off over the immeasurable sea! or driven with you over the lovely Ex-moor, or rambled with you through the venerable classic [ streets *?* ] of Oxford,* and where are you now! — Wherever you are be thankful you are not in the more than tropical

[ *Page 3* ]

heat of our NE. summer. We are roasted and done in the intolerable sun. But we are glad to feel that the spell is broken. Yesterday we had a shower and anybody & everything is happier for it.

I found a cool place for a fortnight at the Asquam House, in the midst of the three Asquam lakes in Holderness, N.H. The outlook is rarely beautiful — water on three sides & mountain horizon all round.

[ *Page 4* ]

Unfortunately I returned too soon, to encounter the hottest weather of the season & have suffered in consequence. For four nights in succession I could not sleep, and I thought of going to [ Elizth *so written* ] Phelps'* place in Gloucester, and watching the stars with her!

My brother's illness continues.* He is about to resign his place in the U.S. Naval Office, and I am studying how to make him as comfortable as possible.

Let me hear from thee but only write a few words to tell how & where you are.

With love to dear Mrs F.* always affectionately,

John G Whittier

**Notes**

*"Norroway over the Foam"*: During their first European trip together in 1882, Jewett and Fields visited Ole Bull's home in Norway. See Sarah Chapman Thorp Bull in Key to Correspondents. The quotation is from an English ballad, "Sir Patrick Spence."

*cliff-side of Lynton*: Jewett and Fields stayed at the Royal Castle Hotel in Lynton, on the north coast of Devon near the beginning of July 1882. They were touring Oxford about a week later.

*Phelps ... Gloucester*: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Ward). Key to Correspondents. She had a summer home in the seaside town of Gloucester, MA.

*brother's illness*: Whittier's brother, Matthew, died on 7 January 1883.

*Mrs. F*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME. Transcription by John Richardson.

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**Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier**

Interlaken, Switzerland

August 20th 1882

Dear friend:

I found this morning the tiny picture I enclose to you. It seems to me in a kind of toy fashion to give some idea of the beauty of color in Switzerland and will leave you room to imagine the grandeur possible among these heights.

We are really resting here in Interlaken{.} Our windows open out upon a balcony which overlooks the greenest of green fields. Men and women are mowing there today. The sound of cutting and sharpening scythes, half forgotten elsewhere in these days of machine labor comes pleasantly up. Now and then we hear the Swiss yodel, especially after the days work is done. There is a cluster of cottages at the other end of the field and about midnight last night which was Sunday (and their holiday) we were aroused by loud singing of men and women so wild and strange yet harmonious and in a certain sense beautiful, with the yodel given sometimes by mens voices and sometimes by

[ *2* ]

women in a way to leave not a moment's doubt as to where we were or who were the singers. It is a wild call certainly but it can be heard at great distances and seems to suit this land just as the chanting of the service in the Cathedrals suits those great spaces where the voice of a reader could never be heard —

You will see that we are not busy climbing mountains but we are only looking up at them. Dear little Sarah* asks me to tell you that the precipice on the right, near the foot of the great mountain is very wonderful in reality and she loves to look at it best of all. You will not care much for it in the painting I am sorry to say!

I found my sister* here; she is in pretty good health and does not wish yet to go home to America. I am such an American that I cannot understand it until I remember that she has been an invalid all her life and has had less opportunity to develop her tastes at home. You will have read in the Advertiser of August 1st a paper upon Emerson (translated by her) written by Hermann Grimm.* She is a friend of Mr. & Mrs Grimm and passes her winters near them in Berlin —

Sarah Jewett sends her love with mine — Believe me ever yours Annie Fields.

**Notes**

*Sarah*: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*sister*: Fields's sister, Sarah Holland Adams (1823-1916), was an author and translator.

*Herman Grimm*: Herman (sometimes Hermann) Grimm (1828-1901) was a German professor and writer. His father Wilhelm and uncle Jakob

are remembered as the philologists and collectors of the "Brothers Grimm" folk tales. He worked much of his life on a biography of the Italian Renaissance painter, Raphael, publishing a first incomplete edition in 1872 and a "complete" version that Sarah Adams translated for publication in 1888.

According to Rita Gollin (Annie Adams Fields, p. 13) Sarah Adams befriended Professor Grimm soon after her arrival in Germany in 1877 and became his translator, completing several books as well as articles, such as the one mentioned in this letter, before she returned to Boston in 1892.

Grimm corresponded with and wrote about American author Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-27 April 1882). Probably Fields refers to "Second Essay, Written after the Death of Emerson," which was collected in Grimm's *Literature* (1886).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Caroline Jewett Eastman**

An Edelweis from Sister

Interlaken

24 August

Dear Taddy

I quite gave up hopes of ever getting your letter for Mother announced it and it didn't really come for two or three mails afterward. I dont know why it loitered on the way but some times one of the letters will — I was so glad to have all the particulars — We have been very quiet most of the time here — We have lovely drives almost every day — there are so many interesting places to see in the neighborhood of Interlaken and when it has been clear

[ *Page 2* ]

it has been very clear and all the mountains stand up high against the blue sky — The town is very curious and old and just across the river Aar is Unterseen which is much funnier than Interlaken. The towns are on a meadow between Lake Thun and Lake Brienz and the water of these lakes is just the color of Chrysophrase* (the green ring !!!) when the sun is out, and so are ^the water of^ the two rivers that rush through the valley — They come down from the glaciers up above, and are nothing but snow water. — I have been in a great state to put my hand in — ever since I was told they are awfully cold. There are

[ *Page 3* ]

scars all down the sides of the mountains where the ~~rivers~~ streams rush in the spring — but this time of year they are all dry except after a heavy rain and then they jump out and down all of a sudden — I wish I could see Switzerland in June or May. There are two famous great waterfalls near here, ^the^ one I liked best is the Staubbach which comes over a cliff a thousand feet high — (pretty nearly twice as high as Agamenticus!)* and falls straight down. The cliff over hangs a little and about half way down the water is all like smoke and seems to stop and hang in mid-air and

[ *Page 4* ]

then begin again for this spray lower down gets heavy and is water again and splashes off in a brook. You never saw any thing more beautiful. As it hangs in the air the wind will blow it to and fro like a ^piece of ^ gauze — and then it is swaying and smoking and there is one place where you can hardly see either spray or water at all. The cliff opposite on the other side of the valley is even higher I think — a great wall of solid stone and the little town of Lauterbrunnen is between them as if it were at the bottom of a cellar a thousand feet deep — The people sell carved things (and ask all creation for

[ *Page 5* ]

most of them!) and the men are guides and most of the women make lace, but isn't very pretty like Torchon lace* — The drive to Lauterbrunnen is most beautiful all up the valley from Interlaken and the mountains get closer and closer until you come to the Jungfrau and the Monk and the Eiger which stands at the head. The Jungfrau is the middle one of the three in the picture I send you — It is the view we have from two of our windows only the Pension Ober is where I have put the mark and from it you see only the Jungfrau which looks much [ finer *?* ] than it does here — but I happened to have this little photograph and thought it

[ *Page 6* ]

would give you some idea —

Yesterday we went to Geissbach and 'passed the day' — that is about as high a fall only it is broken — with ever so many cascades — and comes down tumbling and dashing over the rocks from the top of the ~~Jungfrau~~ [ *deleted word* ] ^mountain side^ into the lake — But over it and over Staubbach the mountains tower up so that the~~y~~ ^falls^ look a great deal lower at first than they really are — I hoped at first I could go up at least one of the mountain passes on donkey back — or in one of the porters chairs that are carried by men — but I have given it up because I am afraid I should

[ *Page 7* ]

[ *unrecognized word* cut *?* ] — and you see avalanches and the air is beautiful — Of course it is only going over a spur of a mountain so as to get a good look at the snow heights and the glaciers, but it is a hard day even to do that. I can tell you it is no joke to spend a summer in travelling — We have done it comfortably as possible, but it is very hard work at best, and a great deal of bother and care — But to see the wonderful sights and have the pleasures you are more than willing to take the pains — I am thankful I could come and I am perfectly satisfied with the time I have had in places and dont want to go back Except to Amsterdam.

[ *Page 8* ]

Sister is all the time quawking to go back to Amsterdam!

I have been keeping quiet here every morning ^ — and am getting well rested^ and now I have another month in Italy and two weeks in Paris and some days in London and then I shall be coming home — I meant to tell you about some of the people in the Pension here (or the hotel I ought to say){.} They are all foreigners & English and some of them are <u>interesting</u> — It is a lovely place to stay anyway. I am glad you are getting on so nicely and I hope the weather got cooler long ago — Mrs. Fields* sends love — I wish you could have seen an old "Father of the Carmelite order" I saw one day in Belgium and

[ *Up left margin of page 5* ]

you would shut up on Father Grafton* — Mrs Fields is always

[ *Up left margin of page 6* ]

seeing [ the *blotted* ] queer things — like yours and mine, but if you

[ *Up left margin and across the top margin of page 7* ]

were here you and I would have punched each other [ *blotted word* black *?* ] and blue long ago. Remember me to Mr. E* — I expect to see the baby in a fall hat when I get home

[ *Up left margin and across the top margin of page 8* ]

from your account of him — I [ will *corrected* ] bid ye all good evening [ *unrecognized word* ] the Queen.

**Notes**

*Chrysophrase*: This is Jewett's spelling of Chrysoprase, a green gemstone.

*Torchon lace*: A bobbin flax or cotton lace, home made and typically inexpensive, a cottage industry in much of Europe.

*Staubbach ... Agamenticus*: The Staubbach Falls above Lauterbrunnen, Switzerland is 974 feet. Mount Agamenticus, a high point near South Berwick, ME is 692 feet. Geissbach Falls also is a Swiss tourist destination.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Father of the Carmelite order*: A Roman Catholic religious order, originally the Order of the Brothers of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.

Charles Chapman Grafton (1830-1912) at the time of this letter was rector of the Episcopal Church of the Advent in Boston.

*Mr. E*: Edward Eastman. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Eastman, Caroline Augusta (Jewett) 1855-1897, recipient 4 letters; 1882-[ 1897 ] & [ n.d. ]. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (253).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Georgina Halliburton**

Interlaken

24 August [ *1882* ]

Oh dear Georgie you <u>must</u> come to Europe! To see Holland and Switzerland! and when I get to Italy what shall I say then? Since I wrote you from Edinburgh I went down to London for a few

days then crossed to Holland and left a piece of my heart in Amsterdam and then came down the Rhine to Cologne and Heidelberg and Lucerne. I didn't enjoy

[ *Page 2* ]

the little I saw of Germany half so much as I have some other parts of the world. Though Cologne Cathedral was superb and the Castle at Heidelberg* a most beautiful old ruin with a lovely view from its walls. But oh Georgie if you could only spend a day or two in Lucerne and then come down here or up here! among the mountains! if I could show you the Jungfrau from my windows and drive you up the valley to Lauterbrunnnen* I dont

[ *Page 3*

*With this page is the pressed stem and blossom of edelweiss.* ]

know what you would say! I fairly long to have you see it all — It seems quite selfish to be seeing it and write to you — I do think I can't be thankful enough for coming over this summer — and while I haven't the least desire to live in Europe but think more and more of my going home, and of my stories, and Berwick and Boston, and my own dear friends — [ Still *corrected* ] I shall think of all this summer's experience every day and ^with^ more and more pleasure —

[ *Page 4* ]

It is nice to have Mrs. Fields always, with all her kindness and loveliness, and she is always teaching me many things in many ways — You dont know how fond I grow of her every day — and I shall miss her so much when I go back.

I wish I could send you a handful of pink anemones (like the Roman anemones, & just in bloom here) for they are just the shade of pink you like and always make me think of you. I send you an Edelweis* [ *so spelled* ] however as that

[ *Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 1* ]

will bear crushing in a letter much better.

With ever so much [ *unfinished line?* ]

this a little one-winged bird of a letter

from

Sarah

**Notes**

*Cologne Cathedral ... Castle at Heidelberg*: The gothic Cathedral Church of St. Peter in Cologne, Germany. "Heidelberg Castle ... ruins are among the most important Renaissance structures north of the Alps." Wikipedia.

*Jungfrau ... Lauterbrunnen*: The Jungfrau ("maiden, virgin") at 13,642 ft, is one of the main summits of the Swiss Alps, located near Interlaken. Lauterbrunnen is a village in the Interlaken-Oberhasli administrative district in the canton of Bern in Switzerland.

*Edelweis:* " *Leontopodium nivale*, commonly called edelweiss ... is a well-known mountain flower, belonging to the *Asteraceae* (daisy or sunflower family)." Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (260).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Interlaken

28 August

Dear Mary

I wish you could have seen and heard the laugh we had over your last letter and its comment on the Norway pleasuring. It was so funny about the departed Normans coming to return our call! We have had two or three rainy days and have not been out much except for little walks. Last night it really seemed fallish, and I suppose it will soon be getting cold here for though we are in a valley it is a good way above the sea, as you will know by strawberries still being in season though I dare say they are brought down from the little farms higher up on the mountains. You don’t know how pretty it is to see them, with the houses peeping down. Some of them stand on such steep

[ *Page 2* ]

places that I should think if a baby fell over the doorstep it wouldn’t stop rolling till it got down to Interlaken. Don’t you remember the little Swiss cottage Carrie used to have in a box? The houses look just like it, and are so picturesque and pretty, and it is charming the way the country people’s lives go on just as [ as *repeated* ] ~~they~~ [ it has *so written* ] for so many

years, in spite of the swarm of strangers from every country that pass through here every summer. The other day we were driving and heard the sound of bells and looked up the road to see a great flock of goats coming, such beauties with their jingling little bells and brown and white coats and sharp little black horns. The people keep them instead of cows and drive them to

[ *Page 3* ]

pasture, but I had not happened to see a whole flock coming home. [ Together *corrected* ] there must have been a hundred. We leave here on Wednesday and shall only be in Switzerland two days longer after that, as we reach Italy Friday if all goes well. Sunday is my birthday and we shall spend it in Milan and go to Venice on Monday. I am crazy to see Venice! I can hardly wait to get there. We go over the St. Gothard Pass, and the scenery is magnificent, so every body says. We shall not go over it by carriage as Mrs. Fields did before, but most of the way by train, which gives much the same view and is much quicker, though one tunnel is nine miles long! We shall spend Thursday night at Andermatt, on

[ *Page 4* ]

top of the tunnel,* and then go down and go through. It must be delightful, the change from the bleak mountains to the lovely Italian valleys, all in one day, but I would rather tell you all this after I have seen it, instead of expatiating beforehand. Wednesday we travel part of the day by steamer and the rest by diligence which will be great fun. Miss Adams* leaves us that night to go to Lucerne and we shall miss her very much. She is very nice. She spent all last winter in Italy so of course she doesn't care to go right back again to travel hurriedly, as we shall have to do. We shall make the longest stay in Rome, but we can have a full month and see a good deal in that time. I was

[ *Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 1* ]

Sorry to hear just now from Cora* that Mrs. Mary Barrell* is sick. I should feel dreadfully if any thing happens to her. Mrs. Fields* sends love to you. So give my love to all, Your loving sister

Sarah

**Notes**

*St. Gothard Pass ... Andermatt on top of the tunnel*: According to Wikipedia, Andermatt, Switzerland is a crossroads town, connected to four passes through the Alps. Before the opening of the St. Gotthard railway tunnel in 1881, the town was a popular resort. Building the tunnel under the town took Andermatt off the main travel route.

*Miss Adams*: Sarah Holland Adams (1823-1916) moved to Europe after her mother's death in 1877, where she settled in Germany and became as translator into English of the works of Hermann Grimm.

*Cora*: Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

*Mrs. Mary Barrell*: Mary Barrell (c. 1804-1889), lived in what is now the Sayward-Wheeler House in York Harbor, ME. for much of the 19th century.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Lugano

3rd September

Dear Mary

I am here on our way to Milan, in a most beautiful place on one of the Italian Lakes. We had a delightful journey over the Alps, and beautiful weather. We came ^to Alpnach first &^ to Bellinzona the ~~first~~ ^second^ night from Lucerne, and it is such a quaint place & the first where we heard

[ *Page 2* ]

the people speaking Italian which seemed very nice. I never heard any thing more lovely than the sound of the bells that the cattle and goats wore round their necks, and they were always going through the streets in flocks =* we thought it was some of the peasants music at first and rushed to the window to listen. It is really worth while to

[ *Page 3* ]

come over the St. Gothard Pass if only to see the engineering of the railroad which is perfectly marvellous. To look upon those enormous mountains you would not believe that cars could ever climb them. There is one tunnel nine miles long and any number of shorter ones, but the cars are well lighted and you don't mind them so very much. When you come out there are the most superb views you can imagine. We were sorry to

[ *Page 4* ]

leave Miss Adams* in Lucerne but she met some friends which made it pleasanter. We shall get to either Como or Milan tonight and I shall have enough to tell you in my first letter. It is like midsummer here after our thinking it was getting along in the fall at Interlaken! The grapes are getting ripe, & there is delicious fruit everywhere of every kind, even figs which I don't care a great deal about. Mrs. Fields sends love. I shall get my letters at Venice. Much love from

Sarah*

[ *Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 1* ]

Sister's birthday! She gets gifts later, in Italy from Mrs. Fields but Liza gave me such a pretty handkerchief that she finished weaving. She found a better work bag in Interlaken with this in it. I must

[ *Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 2* ]

tell you that Mrs. Fields has taken to calling me Pinny Lawson now because I must be a child [ *deleted word* ] of Sam's. You know Mrs. Stowe's Sam Lawson!*

[ *Page 5* ]

Milan, Monday — I must add a word or two to my letter which didn't get posted. We have come down to the Lake of Como today & it was lovely, and we have been to the great Cathedral of Milan just before dark but that is too beautiful and too big! to write about now — Tomorrow we go to Venice but not until we see some famous pictures. The Last Supper &c.*

[ *Page 6* ]

I never saw any thing like Italy. The olive trees and fig trees are growing every where, and great oleanders all in full bloom as big as lilacs in the gardens. I want to tell you every thing and to have you see every thing!

[ *Page 7* ]

I must go to bed now, so good night with much love,

From the Queen

**Notes**

=: Jewett occasionally uses an = sign where one might expect a dash.

*Miss Adams*: Sarah Holland Adams (1823-1916) moved to Europe after her mother's death in 1877, where she settled in Germany and became as translator into English of the works of Hermann Grimm.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Sarah*: This letter is in pencil through this signature, then switches to ink for the final two pages.

*Pinny Lawson … Mrs. Stowe's Sam Lawson*: Jewett's report creates a problem difficult to resolve.

Jewett suggests here that the name derives from Sam Lawson, a rural raconteur in two works of fiction by the American author, Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811-1896): *Oldtown Folks* (1869) and *Oldtown Fireside Stories* (1872).

The problem is that she seems to imply that this nickname is new in September of 1882. However, Celia Thaxter began using this nickname in her letters as early as January of 1882. Thaxter refers to Jewett as Pinny in earlier letters during their current European tour.

It is not perfectly clear then, when this nickname originates.

*the Last Supper*: Wikipedia says that "The Last Supper" (c. 1496), a mural by Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), in the refectory of the Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, Milan, is one of the most famous paintings in the world. It depicts the Christian gospel story (John 13.21) of Jesus's last meal with his disciples.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Venice 6 September [ *1882* ]*

Dear Mary

I never enjoyed an evening in all my life better than I did this. You know how I have been longing to get here, but Venice is more beautiful than any thing I ever dreamed of, and really it is more like a dream or a story than an actual every-day city. We got here last night about eight after a long hot dusty ride in the cars from Milan. I saw some beautiful pictures there in the morning — the Last Supper,* for one, and though I never have cared at all for any copy of it that I ever saw the original is wonderfully

[ *Page 2* ]

lovely the faces are all living, though they are so defaced by time. You never can guess at it, by seeing a copy. That is the real satisfaction of coming abroad =* you can't think what a difference the touch of the master's own hand makes between the picture and its copy. Sometimes there will be five copies for sale near these great pictures and they will be correct enough in one way, but like a wax flower beside a real one after all.

"You ought to have been here to give one of your yips! for me when I got out of the car ^last night^ and instead of scurrying after

[ *Page 3* ]

the hotel omnibus or a cab to have the porter of the hotel ask if it were Madame Fields* and march us down the station steps into a gondola. It had been so hot all day and we were about as tired and dusty as we could be, but there we sat on the cushions and waited for the men to bring our baggage and the salt sea air was just cool enough to make us comfortable without being chilly. There was a great flock of gondolas with red and white lights all about us and it was such fun to hear the men chaff each

[ *Page 4* ]

other. I really learned a good deal of Italian while I was at Interlaken so I can catch some words here and there. Mrs. Fields always can get along every where we go — only in Dutch, and you don't know what a difference it makes in our comfort = We got the trunks and started off down the canal and came at last to the hotel, which is the nicest one yet, we think. Then I found your letter and I was glad enough to get it, for though I heard a week ago it seemed a good deal longer. It was that nice letter ^written^

[ *Page 5* ]

just the time Harry Barber* had come, and we both enjoyed it so much. There was a lovely long one from Miss Woolsey, and such a dear long one to A.F. and me from Thy Friend,* one of the most beautiful letters I ever read.

Today we didn't get up until late and then we went to St. Mark's and Sister ate two ices & A.F. ate one at Florian's, the famous café,* and we trotted all about the square. St. Marks is so rich and splendid, all mosaic and red and gold. Milan Cathedral was so splendidly high and such a huge world

[ *Page 6* ]

[ *deleted word* ] of a place and I saw it so lately, that this seemed small and I had to stay in it some time before I could really take in the magnificence of it, but I did, in good season too. I know you would like it, and the great column with the winged lion on top, and the high bell tower and all the rest! The pigeons fly about in clouds and every thing makes you sure you are in Italy. As for the shops, they bewitch you, and are perfectly fascinating. I do wish photographs were given away! I don't mean little ones, but the large one{s}

[ *Page 7* ]

which are really so well worth having — They are cheaper here than in England, but are apt to be a good deal when they are [ big *corrected* ] and handsome{.}

— We came home and ate no end of grapes and peaches — the grapes are like honey and you can buy enough to ~~be~~ 'make' (wine of) for half a franc or ^half^ a lira which is the same. Then we rested until half past five and took a gondola and were gone until nearly eight out to the Lido across the harbor, and up the Grand Canal.* There was the most beautiful sunset, ~~and~~ you never

[ *Page 8* ]

saw such colors! And after a while* the lamps of the gondolas were all lit and they went about like fireflies on the water. After we had come a little way up the Grand Canal there were some people in a boat singing Venetian songs and I thought I should die of it. There was a guitar, and they sang and sang and it broke my heart to come away from them, only we are not going

away from here until next week, it being so hot every where else and so lovely here, and we are going out in a gondola every night of our lives.

I did wish Mother was here to-night, and you and Taddy

[ *Up the left margin and overwritten down the top of page 8* ]

It pays a thousand times over for all the journey here to have a day [ in? ] Venice. Ever so much love from

Sarah

[ *Up the left margin of page 4* ]

I don't believe you got all of my Norway letters, did you?

**Notes**

*6 September 1882*: Jewett's "6" looks rather like a "5." But later letters confirm that she and Fields arrived in Venice on Tuesday 5 September 1882.

*the Last Supper*: Wikipedia says that "The Last Supper" (c. 1496), a mural by Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), in the refectory of the Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, Milan, is one of the most famous paintings in the world. It depicts the Christian gospel story (John 13.21) of Jesus's last meal with his disciples.

=: Jewett occasionally uses an = sign where one might expect a dash.

*Madame Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Harry Barber … Woolsey … Thy Friend*: The identity of Harry Barber is unknown. It appears he is a visitor in South Berwick.

Miss Woolsey is Sarah Chauncey Woolsey (1835-1905), who wrote children's literature under the name of Susan Coolidge.

Thy friend is John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents.

*Florian's*: Wikipedia says: "Caffè Florian is a coffee house situated in the Procuratie Nuove of Piazza San Marco, Venice. It was established in 1720, and is the oldest coffee house in continuous operation (with Café Procope in Paris)."

*Grand Canal*: It is unclear whether Jewett has capitalized these words here, though she does later in the letter.

*a while*: Jewett may have written "awhile."

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**Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields**

Shoals. Sept 7th — (82

My darling Annie:

Again a dear letter from Interlaken, the [ 2d *corrected* ] from there, telling me of the lovely time at Lucerne — how charming it must all have been & how dear of you to think of your Sandpiper* & look for her towers! Was there ever anything quainter than these! But when are you coming home? Not one word of this do [ *deleted comma* ] I hear! I think this is my last day here this season, if it does not storm tomorrow — I have been waiting to get some china fired & sent [ off *corrected* ] from here before going to the farm where I can get neither to express nor Post office nor any other civilized institution — — some china already paid for, & weighing on my mind like pigs of lead* — Today I hope to have it back & be off tomorrow. I have been decorating a pitcher all over blue cornflowers [ for Helen *corrected* ] Bell who wished to give it to Bertha Schlesinger* — Baermann* did not get here after all — Annie Eichberg* writes me that the crowd for [ Henschel's *?* ] tickets* is not to be described, people waiting all night before the doors to get their tickets.

[ *Page 2* ]

It has been a lovely summer here, but I have missed you & owlet from the land. For* eight weeks not one drop of rain — day after day of glorious weather, each more beautiful than the last — The people who have given me the greatest pleasure are the S. G. Wards ^of Baring Bros*^ — Mr Ward an artist himself — what pleasure I took in his society! & he did take such pleasure in my little room & all my flowers. "Every separate vase is a study" he said, "& you ought to go about & teach the world to do it —" and as he has been all his life doing it I valued his criticism. Of course I say the Wards after my dear Rose Lamb.* Mrs W. was most charming, but a desperate invalid, Miss Howard who lives with them, [ has *or* had *?* ] a splendid contralto voice & sang delightfully. Mr Ward made some

charming sketches{.} His grand daughter Loulou Thoron, just ^out^ of a French Convent, is the most exquisite piece of maidenhood it has been my lot to see for many a year. They are enchanted with the place & mean to come next year — "Next year"! And who shall dare make plans for "next year"! Not I — I wish you & dear Pinny could see how my room blazes with sunflowers this morning, & has for weeks, the smaller kind with dark centres, [ they *corrected from* these *?* ] are so effective! & such purple & crimson banks of sweet peas, bowls & baskets full, with the light green festal clusters of the hop vine to set off their vivid hues. I must enclose in this letter a flower of the yellow Venidium, quite a new plant, which has been a great success this summer — 'tis so very beautiful & grows so sturdily, but 'twill give you no idea, I fear, of its splendor — It is like a little sun —

I shall write from the farm when we get over there — My Roland* is getting on so far nicely with his knee. Shall write again in a few days. With dearest love to both. Your Sandpiper

[ *Up the left margin of page 1* ]

Do you know if Browning will marry Mrs Elizabeth Bloomfield Moore?* I hope you will see the mystic people* in London!

[ *Up the left margin of page 2* ]

E. C. Stedman came here yesterday & I did not see him — too bad

**Notes**

*Sandpiper*: Thaxter is using intimate nicknames shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Owlet and Pinny are Jewett; Flower is Fields; Sandpiper is Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

*pigs of lead*: Thaxter refers not to animals, but to ingots of lead.

*Helen Bell ... Schlesinger ... Baermann ... Eichberg*: For Helen Choate Bell. Key to Correspondents.

Bertha Schlesinger: This person has not yet been identified.

Baermann: Probably, this is Carl Baermann (1839-1913), a classical pianist and composer who immigrated to the Boston area from Germany in 1881. In addition to performing, he also was a successful teacher. See the Wikipedia article on his father, also named Carl Baermann.

Annie Eichberg: author Annie Eichberg Lane (d. 1927), was the daughter of Julius Eichberg (1824-1893), a German-born composer, musical director and educator in Boston. His wife was author, Sophie Mertens (1828-1921).

*Henschel's tickets*: This transcription is uncertain, but it seems likely that Eichberg refers to Georg Henschel (1850-1934), the German-born musician, who was the first conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At the time of this letter, tickets would be available for the opening concert of his second season with the BSO on 7 October 1882.

*For*: After this word, Thaxter shifts to a lighter ink.

*S. G. Wards ... Miss Howard ... Loulou Thoron*: Financier and poet Samuel Gray Ward (1817-1907) was a founder and trustee of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Before moving to New York, he headed the Boston Agency of Baring Brothers Bank. His wife was Anna Hazard Barker (1813-1900). Their eldest daughter, Anna Barker Ward (1841-1875) married Joseph Marie Antoine Thoron, a French merchant. Their daughter was Louise Thoron Endicott (1864-1958). Two portraits of Louise Endicott by John Singer Sargent may be viewed at her husband's Wikipedia page: William Crowninshield Endicott.

Miss Howard may be Ada Howard (1829-1907), who became the first woman president of Wellesley College in 1875, then resigned in 1882 for health reasons. See Fields to Eben Norton Horsford of 19 July 1885. She may be a relative of the Samuel G. Ward's daughter-in-law, Sophia Read Howard (1848-1918), who married their only son, Thomas Wren Ward (1844-1940).

See also Samuel Gray Ward at Find a Grave.

*Rose Lamb*: Key to Correspondents.

*Robert Browning ... Elizabeth Bloomfield Moore*: After the 1861 death of his wife, poet Elizabeth Barrett Browning, British poet Robert Browning (1819-1889) formed a friendship with an American widow from Philadelphia then residing in Europe, Elizabeth Bloomfield Moore. They did not marry.

Presumably, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore was the American philanthropist and author, Clara Sophia Jessup Moore (1824-1899), widow of Bloomfield Haines Moore. She was residing in London in 1882 and was acquainted with Robert Browning.

*the mystic people*: Thaxter refers to British Spiritualists. In her 23 July letter to Fields,

Thaxter had mentioned, for example, Kate Fox, who probably was Catherine Fox (1837-1892), youngest of the notorious Fox sisters who are credited with the founding of Spiritualism, the belief system to which Thaxter at this time was deeply committed. In 1882, this Kate Fox was living in London, and was a widow of H. D. Jencken. See also William Eglinton to Sarah Orne Jewett of 9 October 1882.

*E. C. Stedman*: Edmund Clarence Stedman. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 2 (174-190).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier**

!Venice!

9 September [ *1882* ]*

My dear friend What do you think of an A. F.* who has just finished her breakfast (and a very good breakfast it was) at ten minutes after [ ten *corrected* ]? She was once famous for early rising; it is the result of keeping company with the greatest sleepy-head in North America! It is a shame to be so late in Venice, for there are so many lovely things to see and to do; but the truth is, we were out on the Grand Canal until late yesterday and had to take our rest afterward{.}

[ *Page 2* ]

We have had the best time in the world here — I think I must send you a little back chapter of Milan first, and tell you that we spent Monday night there, and saw the marvelous Last Supper* — and the huge, high-arched great world of a cathedral, and some splendid pictures at the [ Brera *corrected* ]* — then on Tuesday we took the train at noon and were until eight o'clock coming here in the blazing heat and dust. But imagine our joy when we felt a great wind of salt air blow into the car, and in a few minutes afterward were in a gondola swinging about on the water with red and white lights like fire-flies all about us — waiting for our boxes to

[ *Page 3* ]

be brought down the station steps. There never was anything like it, you know! And we found the hotel the best we have got into on the Continent, and we said at once that we would stay three days longer than ~~the~~ ^our^ plan allowed. When we came upstairs there was the best letter from you that you ever sent flying, and we were gladder to get it than you are ever going to imagine.

— I do wish you were here, you should see how pleasant this room is and you should laugh at T. L.* who stands in the middle of the window and throws peachstones into the canal as if they were flowers to her subjects{.}

Now this gives me three 'heads' for a discourse — T. L. and

[ *Page 4* ]

the peachstones and the subjects not of T. L. but of Queen Margaret of Italy* who came to Venice yesterday in the most obliging way —

— T. L. stands for a very good name I gave Mrs. A. F. long ago, and which I mean to tell you when I get home, it being a great secret. — As for the peachstones, they made me think of all the [ peaches *corrected* ] and grapes and figs which are just now ripe and it is worth while to come to Italy just to see the fruit and eat it. As we came over the 'great Lombard plain' on Tuesday the vines were fairly

[ *Page 5* ]

loaded down with blue and green clusters — It is all very well for people to talk about Italy in winter, but it is really a great pleasure to be seeing it at the vintage time — We came very near the battle field of Solferino* — and the fortifications are all along the line of the railway dismantled and grass-grown.

We have spent a great deal of time in gondolas = it is perfectly beautiful to be out late in the afternoon and at sunset — and the first night we came we went over to the Lido —* not going into the old Armenian convent* but only walking up the shore

[ *Page 6* ]

for awhile and thinking a great deal about Shelley and Byron* who also liked that shore — The gondolier was sent to get his supper at a little shop and we walked to and fro and the sunset began to flame out more and more until nobody but Turner* ever thought of its like, and all the harbour between us and Venice was smooth as glass and the bell towers and domes caught the light, and were built of pale fires themselves — All the way back to the city this color was slowly fading and we watched it as we went along — and at last as

[ *Page 7* ]

we came in to the Grand Canal the [ gondola *corrected* ] lights were out again like fire-flies and some people in boats with coloured lanterns were singing Venetian songs, and at that I thought nobody had ever had such a good time in this world, and the stars were bright and the people looked down from the windows, and it was enough to make you cry!

We have been to see St. Mark's and the Doges' palace and no end of churches, for the sake of their pictures chiefly, though they are full of treasures — And last night, the Queen came to Venice

[ *Page 8* ]

as I told you and we went scooting through the side canals a good deal to get the best place on the great one and succeeded in getting caught at last in a great snarl and crowd of gondolas and being close to the royal gondola as it rushed by and others after it with officers in gay uniforms and fluttering plumes — All the boats followed in procession and the bells were ringing and red lights and fireworks going off and people on the shore cheering and it was something like the old days, only the great palaces held back their heads as if they meant to say it was all very dull compared to things they had seen. To-day the flags are flying [ everywhere *written over* gayly ].

[ *Up the left margin of page 5* ]

and it was very gay and bright, but wherever you look you can only

[ *Up the left margin of page 6* ]

think of the grandeur and pride of the old Venice and the

[ *Up the left margin of page 7* ]

fading colours that the sun brings out are better than the

[ *Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 8* ]

new ones of the flags and the brilliancy she tries to put [ over *?* ]. We both send love to you and wish so much that we could see you. Yours always lovingly, Sarah

**Notes**

*1882*: Jewett recounts several of the events of this letter in another to Mary Rice Jewett from Venice on 11 September 1882.

Jewett has written !Venice! in extra large cursive.

In the upper left corner of page 1, Jewett has written: This is a feather than belonged to one of the pigeons in St. Mark's square". She has left a space between "belonged" and "to" where she may have fastened the feather.

Page 1 of this letter contains several notes in another hand, indicating that the letter is by Jewett and speculating that it was written in 1892. A similar note appears at the top right of page 5.

*A.F.*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*the Last Supper*: Wikipedia says that "The Last Supper" (c. 1496), a mural by Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519), in the refectory of the Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, Milan, is one of the most famous paintings in the world. It depicts the Christian gospel story (John 13.21) of Jesus's last meal with his disciples.

*the Brera*: In Milan's Palazzo Brera is the Pinacoteca di Brera, an art gallery.

*T. L.*: As Jewett explains, this is a "secret" nickname Jewett has given to Fields. As of this writing, only a few instances of her using it are known and its meaning remains a mystery, though it superficially resembles a nickname Fields has given Jewett: P.L. standing for Pinny Lawson, which connects Jewett with Harriet Beecher Stowe's raconteur from *Oldtown Fireside Stories* (1881).

*Queen Margaret of Italy*: Princess Margherita of Savoy (1851-1926) became Queen consort of Italy when she married the king, Umberto I, in January 1878. Wikipedia.

*battle field of Solferino*: The Battle of Solferino took place in June of 1859, during the Second Italian War of Independence, near the village of Solferino in the then Kingdom of Lombardy-Venetia. Wikipedia.

*Lido ... the old Armenian convent*: The Lido of Venice is a long sand-bar beach across the lagoon, southeast of the city. A small island off the Lido is San Lazzaro degli Armeni, (St. Lazarus of the Armenians). Begun as a leper colony, the island became an Armenian Catholic monastery in the early 18th century. Wikipedia.

*Shelley and Byron*: The British Romantic poets, Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) and George Gordon Lord Byron (1788-1824) were together in Venice in 1818. Wikipedia.

*Turner*: The British painter, Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851), is remembered as "the painter of light." He spent a good deal of time in Venice early in his life. Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, Pickard-Whittier papers I. Letters to John Greenleaf Whittier Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 17 letters; [ 1882 ]-1883., [ 1882 ]-1883. Box: 3 Identifier: MS Am 1844, (169).

Another slightly different transcription is held in transcriptions from mixed repositories, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, folder 63, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection. New transcription and notes.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Venice

11 September

Dear Mary I have had the loveliest time in the world here, and the best of weather. We have been out on the water the greater part of every day and evening and it is quite breaking our hearts to go away. The other night the Queen* came to Venice very obligingly! And we were in the thick of the crowd of gondolas you may be sure!! All the gondolas followed hers down the Grand Canal and there were fireworks and all the bells were ringing and the people cheering and it was almost

[ *Page 2* ]

like taking a sight at Venice in the days of its glory. We fairly bumped against the Queen's boat. We got so close to her and I was very glad to see her! She is a very handsome young woman and the people seem very fond of her and ever since she came to the palace the flags are flying all over the city and make it look brighter and gay. We have been in the Doges Palace and in ever so many churches and the pictures and carvings are beautiful as Venice itself! This morning we

[ *Page 3* ]

are going to Florence to be there a few days, and then to Rome. I send you some little photographs* which I think you will like to look at. They are just big enough to remind me of the places. Mrs. Fields* sends love, and I will write again as soon as possible after I get to Florence.

Yours lovingly Sarah

Liza says Venice is terrible splendid — but as for those Germans they have no talk at all; it is the chuckling of ducks! [ *deleted word* ]

**Notes**

*the Queen*: Princess Margherita of Savoy (Margherita Maria Teresa Giovanna) 1851-1926). See Jewett to Whittier of 9 September 1882.

*little photographs*: Jewett indicates that she has included photographs with this letter. In the Houghton Library collection from which this letter comes (see note below), there is a set of three photographs, though they do not appear adjacent to this letter. They are items 147-152 in this collection. Though in 2016 the Houghton identifies all three as Venetian scenes, in fact only two of these are of Venice. The third is of the New Inn at Clovelly, Devonshire, England. It appears with Jewett's letter to Theodore and Caroline Jewett Eastman of 27 June.

Handwritten on the back of this photo: Pillars by St.Mark [ in pen ]

L. Giovanni D'acri [ in pencil ]

Houghton identification: Pillars of St. Mark's photograph.

Handwritten on the back of this photo: Canale Grande [ in pencil ]

23 [ circled in pencil, probably in another hand ]

Grand Canal [ in ink ]

Houghton identification: Grand Canal Photograph.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Field**

[ *12 September 1882* ]*

Annie! I have felt & seen my mother's hands. I have been clasped by her, she lifted & rustled the long heavy satin ribbons I wore at my throat, her hands stole round my neck up to my head & on my forehead I felt her beautiful soft fingers, palpable, distinct. — I wept — I could have died of joy! I did — almost! My last doubt is blown to limitless nothing — J.* wrote "Tell my dear wife, tell her I wait to lay my hand upon her, bring her here —" O Annie how to begin to tell you! Let me try to gather my wits together — Last week in the tremendous pour I went out to 25 Mt Pleasant Avenue to find Mrs Philbrick* [ to *corrected* ] whom

2

I had been told to go: found a nice house, superior to Appleton St, & a gentle, lady-like, quiet person answered to the name of Mrs Philbrick, again an improvement on Appleton St. It was too late that aft. so I said I'd come next day between nine & ten. At the [ minute *corrected* ] I was there — [ we *corrected from* I ] went up stairs to a little attic guest-chamber, all furnished in blue, she drew out a little common pine table — she had half a dozen light large [ states *intending* slates ]. We sat down, two hands holding each other, two holding the slate* — In a moment, raps! of all sorts each as different as human voices, all over the table. I thrilled — I was bidden [ ask *corrected* ] questions, by the raps they were answered — who was there, — then writing on the slate began vehemently, & no pencil in the room! [ Furious *?* ] writing & when it was ended [ the *corrected* ] slate was pushed to me by no visible hands. It was from J. W.* he said I was one of his dearest friends & helpers & that the great charity I had for him did him a world of good"* & so on. He touched me strongly on both arms & [ forehead *corrected* ] & with an inexpressibly solemn & beautiful gesture bowed my head forward laying his whole hand upon it heavily{.}

3

He said he depended on me to help him still, some one to dare to speak & help this truth that should so illuminate the world — that he regretted hedging up the pathway with his cold investigations, &c — &c — oh, more than I can tell you — my dear, dear Annie — I cannot tell you half — I cannot wait till I see you! I was almost wild with excitement — Mrs P. had to beg me to be calm, me!!! But they* were as excited as I: it was all tremendous — when I left after two hours of that pressure, I felt as if {I} had died or been born or something as wonderful — I walked on air, — oh it was indescribable! I could not wait for Rose* — she was at Nonquit* — she came yesterday — I rushed for her & made an appointment for this [ morng *?* ]. She was not prepared for what happened, tho' I had told her all — W$^{m}$ came — my mother & W$^{m}$ & Mr W* — all touched us together, we not only felt but saw their hands & arms! — Rose was frightened, oh so very much! She cried out, "O I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it" — We saw them plainly. The writing was splendid — I save it all to show you — so characteristic{.} Rose's mother, so sweet! & Sophia D. & Lucretia Mott* & some strangers —

4

Mr W. said, when he first came, "W$^{m}$ is here" but he always feels the cold wave on which he went out whenever he comes near the earth" — Now isn't it strange, they seem to come back thro' the same door thro' which they went away. "Then* W$^{m}$ said," I shall never forget the Isles of Shoals & that cold wave on which I went out!" I always feel it when I come near you, every time" — The time before, the first time I went I begged Mr Weiss* over & over to tell me the old name he used to call me, but he did not. The first thing today which he said was this — "I was so eager, so earnest the other day I could not stop to notice what you asked; I had forgotten that old time levity & that I used to call you grandmother, ha, ha, Celia! I knew you would come again. I have so much to say to you. W$^{m}$ is here & must speak" & so on. O dear, it was all so [ real *corrected* ]! I said, "Where are you, grandfather, what are you?" The answer written swift as lightning, "The same spirit that went away

clothed upon with a new body which I shall not abuse as I did the one I left."! We said, Rose & I, tell us what to do — "[ *deleted word* ] Dare to speak for us, for the truth you

5

know" was the answer, "help us to let this light on the world, this happiness, Dare to do it" — I said, shaken to my very heart, "I dare. I will bring every one, speak to every possible one" — my arm was struck several times so strongly we all heard it & it tingled for a long time — & oh [ gloriously *?* ] the touches came all about me! "[ That *corrected* ] same unhindered, unlimited, strength & power you put into all your work, that I call for from my new home & claim your aid & your love —" I said "& you shall have it!" It went on, the writing — "Now you know, grandmother you sometimes used strong language, sometimes would roll out swear words{.} But I like your courage!" O Annie it is impossible to tell you in any kind of sequence — I mix everything up — I cannot express to you my joy — my delight, the peace, the rapture of it all. — I said

6

"It is rapture", & it was written "And Rose is afraid! Well, I will [ wait *corrected* ] till she can bear it." That was about the touches —

Mr Whittier is at the Winthrop house for the winter with his cousins.* I am going to dine with Eva & Cora* on Thursday — day after [ tomorrow *?* ].

Dear love, goodbye!

I have been a fortnight looking for houses — not one to be found at West end — I think we'll have to take South end — I suppose I shall not write again — Kiss Pinny* for me. Cant stop to read what I've written. Cant wait to see you. God "bless you, dear.

Your

C.T.

**Notes**

*12 September 1882*: This letter belongs with a series of letters from 1882 in which Thaxter reports on the events at Spiritualist sittings, when she believes she receives communications from the dead.

Thaxter dated this letter from Boston on 26 September, but that date is problematic.

She appears to have dated it after composing it; the location and date are written diagonally to the right in the top margin. Though the hand is hers and the ink apparently the same as the rest of the letter, there is reason to believe that she may have added this date long after composing the letter.

The problem is that she reports here her first two consultations with the medium, Mrs. Philbrick. In a letter to Fields of 18 September 1882, she seems to report a subsequent meeting with Philbrick. It is likely, therefore, that this letter was composed before 18 September.

I speculate that she writes on Tuesday 12 September. She reports planning to dine with Eva and Cora on Thursday, "day after tomorrow." On the following Monday, then, she would go again to Mrs. Philbrick.

*J.*: James T. Fields, deceased spouse of

also is not yet known.

*the slate*: A more detailed description of Mrs. Philbrick's method appears in *Some Reminiscences of a Long Life* (1899) by John Hooker, p. 252.

A few years ago I went with a friend in Boston (a

Annie Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Mrs Philbrick*: This identification is purely speculative. Mrs. Philbrick *may* be Mary Hinds Stevens Philbrick (1833-1906). She became a disciple of Mary Baker Eddy (1821-1910) in 1884, during the early years of the Church of Christ, Scientist. Her husband was George Albert Philbrick (1832-1917). Her association with Christian Science was not without controversy.

It appears that previous to Mrs. Philbrick, Thaxter had been visiting a medium on Appleton Street in Boston, but this person's identity is not yet known.

*the slate*: A more detailed description of Mrs. Philbrick's method appears in Some Reminiscences of a Long Life (1899) by John Hooker, p. 252.

> A few years ago I went with a friend in Boston (a Congregational clergyman, who was much interested in the investigation of spiritualistic phenomena) to a Mrs. Philbrick, a woman in whom he had confidence, and who seemed to me to be trust-worthy, who was, however, a public medium. I was introduced to her by my friend, but she knew nothing whatever of me except my name thus given her. In this case I used her slates. An open slate, with a bit of pencil on it, was

> held under the top of the table, she holding it on one side of the table and I on the other, her other hand laid on the table, and my other hand on hers. The gas was turned wholly off, or so nearly so that the room was dark. Soon the scratching was heard. After it stopped and the gas was turned on, we found a long message, nearly filling the slate, addressed to my wife by her first name, and signed "P. W. D," the initials of the name of a dear friend of hers who had died a year or two before. What is noteworthy here is, that while the communication seemed to come almost certainly from Mrs. D., it yet stated that a certain person (whose name she gave) would soon come over. This person has since died, but not till nearly ten years after this. After this we took other slates and in the same way got several messages from departed friends, another to my wife, one to myself signed by a familiar name, and I think two to my friend. Those intended for myself or my wife were characteristic, and alluded to incidents that a stranger could have known nothing of. I could fill many pages with such statements. There would be none, however, more striking than these. I have regarded the theories of mind-reading and of fraud as entirely at fault as explanations of these phenomena. If the matter written had been in my mind, so that the medium could have read it all there, how could it have been got upon the slate? But the matter, so far from being in my mind, was every time a surprise to me.

For an explanation of how slate writing may be accomplished, see *Spirit Slate Writing and Kindred Phenomena* (1898) by Chung Ling Soo.

*J.W.*: American clergyman and author, John Weiss (1818-1879), was a Thaxter family friend as was William Morris Hunt. It seems likely Thaxter refers to Hunt as one of the spirit visitors at this sitting. She also refers to Mr. Weiss, and probably this is the person she also calls Mr. W. See also "Digital Library of Unitarian Universalism."

*good"*: It is not clear where Thaxter intended to open the quotation.

*they*: Thaxter seems clear on the point that the only living persons at this first sitting were herself and Mrs. Philbrick. "They," therefore, must be the spirits with whom she communicates.

*Rose*: Rose Lamb. Key to Correspondents.

Her mother was Hannah Dawes Eliot Lamb (1809-1879).

*Nonquit*: A section of South Dartmouth, MA.

*mother & W^m*: Thaxter's mother was Eliza Rymes Laighton (1804-1877).The context of the letter seems to make clear that William is American artist William Morris Hunt (1824-1879).

*Sophia D. & Lucretia Mott*: Sophia D. probably is the American painter, Ann Sophia Towne Darrah (1819- 24 December 1881), wife of a mutual friend, Robert Kendall Darrah (1818-1885), whom Annie Fields memorialized in an obituary. He sometimes attended "sittings" with Thaxter.

Lucretia Coffin Mott (1793-1880) was a prominent American Quaker social reformer, particularly involved with the abolition of slavery and with women's rights.

*"Then*: Presumably the quotation mark here was not intended.

*Mr. Whittier ... Winthrop house ... cousins*: For John Greenleaf Whittier, Key to Correspondents. Whittier often stayed at the Winthrop House hotel on Bowdoin Street in Boston, a quiet and inexpensive hotel also used by other literary visitors to Boston. Joseph Cartland (1810-1898) and Whittier's cousin Gertrude Cartland (1822-1911) accompanied Whittier on his summer vacations, and Whittier lived in their home at Newburyport, Massachusetts most of his last fifteen winters.

*Eva & Cora*: Eva von Blomberg and Cora Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

*Pinny*: Thaxter is using intimate nicknames shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Pinny is Jewett; Flower is Fields; Sandpiper is Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 3 (191-209).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Florence 14 September [ *1882* ]

Dear Mary

I am really quite homesick to go back to Venice, it was so lovely there, and it has been bad weather in Florence ever since we came.

Mrs. Fields* has not been quite well and I am thinking seriously about not going any further south. We are not going to Naples now anyway, but we do not mean to give up Rome if we can help it. The air was so bracing and fine in Venice that it makes the inland towns seem close, though today is much cooler. It is lovely all about Florence

[ *Page 2* ]

and we have had a lovely drive out to San Miniato and Bellos-Guardo.* Miss Preston* is here and is very pleasant, and we have seen her twice, and also the Princess d'Istria* who is more than nice! I never saw such a welcome as she gave Mrs. Fields. I thought she never would get done hugging her! Her house is lovely, and she gave us the most beautiful flowers the day we were there. Florence is full of pictures and one needs to be here six months instead of six days, to see the half of them. I like the olive

[ *Page 3* ]

groves on the hills as well as anything, you don't know how beautiful they are — something like willows but even softer looking, and when the wind blows they turn over and show their silver undersides. Sister saw nothing but mulberry trees from Milan to Venice and from Venice here and has ceased to wonder where all the silk comes from, silk things are about as high here as anywhere else in spite of every thing. I suppose because the manufactured goods have to come from a long distance. I have not said a word about the beautiful old churches

[ *Page 4* ]

and bell towers here, all built of black and white marble. The baptistery is very fine, and I saw yesterday the famous bronze doors of it but just as we were looking at them the rain began to pour down and we had to scud — I am just as sleepy as I can be though it isn't very late, and so I will close and say "to be continued".——

With love to all Sarah

**Notes**

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*San Miniato and Bellos-Guardo*: Almost certainly, Jewett refers to San Miniato al Monte, a hilltop basilica in Florence. Bellosguardo, in this instance, almost certainly is one of the hills forming the basin of the Arno river valley, in which Florence is situated.

*Miss Preston*: Harriet Waters Preston. Key to Correspondents.

*Princess d'Istria*: Wikipedia says:

> Dora d'Istria (January 22, 1828, Bucharest - November 17, 1888, Florence) was the pen-name of duchess Helena Koltsova-Massalskaya. Born Elena Ghica, she was a Wallachian-born Romantic writer and feminist of Romanian-Albanian descent.... She published a number of works that not only showed her proficiency in Romanian, Italian, German, French, Latin, Ancient and Modern Greek, and Russian, but also her knowledge of scientific topics, her liberal views on religious and political topics, as well as a talent for presenting her points. Her general world view was cosmopolitan, but she also worked hard to bring the resources and technologies available in Western Europe to Eastern Europe, and worked towards the emancipation of her gender.

During the last decade of her life, she resided mainly in Florence.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Rome 18 September

Dear Mary

When I wrote Rome just now at the head of the letter it seemed so funny that I should be here that I stopped to look at it! We seem to have fallen on a rainy time in Italy, yet when the sun comes out it is most lovely, the sky is so clear and blue. Neither of us felt well in Florence; the hotel was dark and damp and too near the Arno.* I suppose you will say we took a strange cure, when we started for Rome of all places! at this time of the year, but we thought we would try it. Some things about Florence were charming. I saw ever so many lovely pictures and churches, and then it was nice to see Miss Preston*

[ *Page 2* ]

And the Princess* was too funny and delightful for anything. I should think she had just hopped

out of a novel. One day she came to [ *deleted words* ] ask us out to drive in the Cascine (which is a lovely great park just out of Florence)* and you never saw such majesty as it was! She had such funny old man-servants and all the pomp and ceremony you can imagine. She is very well known in Florence and from the moment she made her appearance the way the hotel people scuttled round was amazing. They had been scuttling to a proper extent before but there was nothing like it afterward and I told Mrs. Fields* there was no knowing how much longer our bill would be! — I found some

[ *Page 3* ]

of her cards before we came away and I must send you one for it is quite imposing. We were going to see a good deal more of Her Highness sooner than we had planned.

— We meant to go to Perugia (as Mrs. F. remembered it was a lovely old place) and spend Sunday, but when we reached the station we found we could only get as far as Arezzo, 55 miles — [ *deleted* word ] so we set sail for Arezzo and were five hours on the way as there had been a grand review of Italian troops and they were all coming back that day and so delayed all the other trains. When we had got to our journey's end we found it such a funny

[ *Page 4* ]

little old city on the top of a hill with a very old cathedral in which were some of the most beautiful glass windows I ever saw. There was more real country-town life than we have had much chance to see before and we were in a most entertaining old hotel. Altogether we quite enjoyed Arezzo. They had just been dedicating a new statue and the ~~whole~~ town was hung with flags and garlands.

— Yesterday we started for Rome from there, and got here between three and four. It has been a damp showery day and we could only be out driving for two hours but in that time we went both to St. Peter's and the Colosseum. St. Peter's looks, as it really is, the most

[ *Page 5* ]

enormous ~~building~~ ^church^ in the world. It is six or [ seven *written over several?* ] hundred feet long, some books say much more than that and the great roof and dome of it seem about as high as the sky. It breaks your neck to look up at it! It isn't half so beautiful as the Cathedral at Milan, for the inside decorations are tawdry, but nothing can really spoil the great proportions of it or make it anything but the greatest church in the world in size! As for the Colosseum I never had any idea of the grandeur of it, and the sight of it is something I never shall forget. St. Peter's with all its statues and colored marbles is a very cheap thing compared with the wonderful great ruin, with its empty arches

[ *Page 6* ]

and crumbling seats. It used to hold 87,000 people; wasn't that a circus indeed! We shall only be here a few days and then when we leave Rome we shall be all the time going home, as this is the farthest point of the journey. We had a splendid mail waiting here. I had four letters from you all beautiful lettys,* and so full of pleasant things. I am going to have Mary Harriet* make me a visit when I get back and turn you out of the house. Give my love to Taddy and tell her I will pen her a line soon in return for her part of the mail ^( — two lettys)^ and that I will get the right gowns when I get to Paris. I hope you and Uncle William* had a nice time up the lake. Love to him and to all the rest. I hope Mrs. Ann is a friend

[ *Up the left margin and down the top margin of page 6* ]

to Roger* — !!!!!! (Raj-jers) Your sister eats sights of figs, there are kinds of figs green and purple and she can eat most of the green. No more at this time from the Queen.

[ *Up left margin of page 1* ]

you needn't write me after the 10th of October.

**Notes**

*Arno*: The river that flows through Florence.

*Miss Preston*: Harriet Waters Preston. Key to Correspondents.

*the Princess*: Probably, Jewett refers to the Princess d'Istria. See Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 16 September 1882.

*Cascine*: "The Parco delle Cascine (Cascine Park) is a monumental and historical park in the city of Florence." Wikipedia.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*lettys*: Jewett often uses this alternate word for "letters."

*Mary Harriet*: Mary Harriet Denny. See Augusta Maria Denny Tyler in Key to Correspondents.

*Uncle William*: William Durham Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*Mrs. Ann ... Roger*: Ann was a Jewett family employee, perhaps Annie Collins; Roger was a Jewett family dog who died in 1889.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields**

101. Pembroke St

Sept 18th (82

My dearest:

James* asked me to write to you again. I saw Mrs P.* yesterday. He said, "It is yet some weeks before they return = write to her, won't you? & tell her how well I am satisfied with all that has been done, that they have both gained so much in many ways, & all is as I wished, that the homecoming will be safe & well," & he laid particular stress on this, "Tell her I have continually spoken to her through Sarah,* that I still do so, — she doesn't realise it, but it is the greatest pleasure to me that I have been able to do it —" And he talked a great deal about it. They all came with such a rush! Mother bringing Aunty Lunt who was full of solicitude about "Emily{,}"*

2

Wm* saying how delighted he was with our summer & its results, how faithful we had been sitting as he bade us, & saying, "I heard you when you called me, Celia, so often, & I was delighted"— Now that is a fact — I called him aloud when I was alone, for it seemed to me he was nearest (after my [ mother *corrected* ] ) there — He said it couldn't be told how much good it had done, though we perceived so little result from our patience & perseverance. "You have been so patient," he said — O & so much more! It was just as breathlessly interesting as ever — The "lady Darrah" & Mr Longfellow & J. W.* who talked most solemnly to me — J. said "give my love to my dear

3

wife, & you are going to be nearer together than ever before, & it will be such a comfort to you both" — wasn't it sweet, dear?

I write in bed early Monday [ morng. *?* ] in the twilight — I am so busy househunting — Yesterday a lady answered my advertisement in [ Transcript *corrected* ]* & came to see me about the house Jenny Hunt* had, in Chas St. If the rooms are not too expensive, it would do nicely for us — Saw Mrs Vincent* in the horse car who asked most affectionately for you: when you were coming home &c, said she wished she could know day & hour to have some flowers to [ welcome *corrected* ] you. Mr W.M.H.* is coming to Boston to build a house on Marlboro St. & live in it! So I am told — Went to see Mrs Pitblado* — O what an empty sound the bell made when it rang! She came to the door, polite & pleased to see me — There was a mountain of mail for you in the chair. She said you wd sail for home on the 25th. I was so glad!

4

I hope you can see those mystic people* in London!

Goodbye, my darling — it will soon be welcome! Kiss & hug that dearest dear Pinny for me.

Your loving

[ S*ignature appears to be C and T. superimposed.* ]

**Notes**

*James*: James T. Fields, Fields's husband, who died on 24 April 1881. Later in the letter, she refers to him again as J.

The first part of this letter recounts the results of a series of Spiritualist "sittings" in which Thaxter participated during the time Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett traveled together in Europe.

All of the people Thaxter names presumably were dead, except for the "medium,"Mrs P.

*Mrs P*: This should be Mrs. Philbrick, a spiritualist medium whom Thaxter consulted during 1882. See Thaxter to Fields of 12 September 1882.

This identification is speculative, *and* it is problematic because Thaxter records her first meetings with Philbrick in a letter to Fields that she dates 26 September. I believe that she mistakenly dated the later letter well after composing it, and I have changed that date to 12 September. But of course I could be wrong.

*Sarah*: Mr. Fields has communicated that he wants his wife to know that since his death, he now speaks to her through Sarah Orne Jewett.

*Mother ... Aunty Lunt ... "Emily"*: Thaxter's mother was Eliza Rymes Laighton (1804-1877). "Emily" almost certainly is Emily. F. de Normandie (1836-1916). Her husband was a Unitarian minister, James de Normandie (1836-1924). See *Men of Progress* p. 360. Perhaps her name appears in quotation marks because she is a living person, about whom the deceased Aunt Lunt expresses concern. Aunty Lunt probably is a relative of Mrs. De Normandie's grandmother, Ann Lunt Jones.

*Wm*: Perhaps most prominent among deceased Thaxter friends addressed as William would be American artist William Morris Hunt (1824-1879).

*"lady Darrah" & Mr Longfellow & J. W.*: "lady Darrah" is probably the American painter, Ann Sophia Towne Darrah (1819- 24 December 1881), deceased wife of a mutual friend, Robert Kendall Darrah (1818-1885). Annie Fields memorialized Mr. Darrah in an obituary. He sometimes attended "sittings" with Thaxter.

American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who died 24 March 1882. Key to Correspondents.

J.W. probably is American clergyman and author, John Weiss (1818-1879), a Thaxter family friend as was William Morris Hunt. See also Wikipedia and "Digital Library of Unitarian Universalism."

*Transcript*: The Boston *Evening Transcript*.

*Jenny Hunt*: Thaxter probably refers to Jane Hunt (1822-1907), the only sister of her friend and mentor, American artist William Morris Hunt (1824-1879).

*W.M.H.*: William Morris Hunt is deceased. Presumably, then, she refers to someone else. Hunt's son, Morris, was born in 1856.

*Mrs Vincent*: This could be Mary Ann Farlin Vincent (1818-1887), a British born Irish-American actor. Wikipedia.

*Mrs Pitblado*: It seems likely this is Euphemia Wilson Pitblado (1849-1928), an American social reformer and writer, active in Woman Suffrage, Temperance, and missionary support. However, it appears that she is staying at Fields's home in Boston, and about this nothing is yet known. Wikipedia.

*mystic people*: Thaxter refers to Spiritualist celebrities then in London. In her 23 July letter to Fields, Thaxter had mentioned, for example, Kate Fox, who probably was Catherine Fox (1837-1892), youngest of the notorious Fox sisters who are credited with the founding of Spiritualism, the belief system to which Thaxter at this time was deeply committed. In 1882, this Kate Fox was living in London, and was a widow of H. D. Jencken. See Wikipedia and William Eglinton to Sarah Orne Jewett of 9 October 1882.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 3 (191-209)

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to William Perry**

Rome — 22 September

[ *1882* ]*

Dear Grandpa

I was 'led to think' of you at once the night I reached here, for a bell began to ring near by which sounded exactly like the lower church bell in Exeter at nine o'clock! —— I never heard two bells that were more alike and it amused me very much, but I found Rome a very different place in the morning from any of my towns at home. Since we have been here we have been constantly on the go, and I think I shall remember what I have seen here very well — I cant begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed

[ *Page 2* ]

every-thing from the rivers down to the chestnuts, and I shall have no end of things to tell you when I get home — I am always looking forward to that for it is little use to try to write — In the first place there is no time but evenings, and then I get tired and sleepy —

— I suppose you have [ kept *corrected* ] the [ news *?* ] of me very well from the people at home, but I am always wanting to say how much I like Venice and how glad I am that I went there — I think it is the most interesting place (always except London) on this side of the sea — and I am so glad that we had so

[ *Page 3* ]

much time there and such good weather — It is perfectly delightful to be in Italy in the fruit season and the sights of the great vineyards and

the ripe grapes is really most beautiful — Most people come here in the spring and miss all that so I am lucky — We meant to go down to Naples, but it is still too warm for us to go farther south with much comfort — and it was better to have the extra time here and in Venice — When we leave here tomorrow we shall be turning our faces home --

[ *Page 4* ]

I have seen so much that I feel sometimes as if I had been away a great while longer — I cant tell you what a pleasure it has been to be with M$^{rs}$ Fields,* and it seems to me nobody could be so good a travelling companion in every way — you dont know what a lovely summer I have had — Of course travelling is often very hard work and I have often been tired and uncomfortable, but it seems very ungrateful to think of that side of it, and I dont mean to — I think we have had as few uncomfortable days as one has

[ *Page 5* ]

the least right to expect and when I think I have been in Ireland and England and Scotland and Norway and Holland and Germany and Switzerland and Italy and in a few days, in France I think I have made a good use of the time —

Almost everywhere we have had as much time as we really wanted — I must say good-night: I don't mean this for any account of my travels, [ *deletion* ] for I would rather wait and talk about them as I told you, but I wanted to tell you how often I think of you, and how much

[ *Page 6* ]

I thank you for all your kind messages through Mary,* and all your interest — I shall try to see Miss Gardner* in Paris — where we shall be very early in October —

Give ever so much love to Uncle Will and Aunty and Fanny,* and with much for yourself I am

Always yours affectionately

Sarah —

**Notes**

*1882*: Jewett describes her 1882 travels in Europe.

*Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Mary*: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*Miss Gardner*: Probably this is Elizabeth Jane Gardner Bouguereau (1837-1922). This is somewhat confusing, however, as Jewett refers to "Mrs." Gardner elsewhere, as in her letter to Mary Rice Jewett of 18 October.

*Uncle Will ... Aunty ... Fanny*: The family of William Gilman Perry.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 273.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Genoa 25 September

Dear Mary

I really didn't have a chance to write you again in Rome, for I got tired and went to bed so early every night! I am glad we are away from there it seemed so hot and close, but I am thankful that I really have been there. Here in Genoa it is lovely. We have such a beautiful view of the harbour from our big front windows and the Mediterranean all colours of the rainbow but chiefly bluer than any blue in the world. All day yesterday

[ *Page 2* ]

it was lovely. We left Rome the day before and came to Pisa, and yesterday morning we ~~came~~ drove all about and I went up into the leaning tower and was very much afraid that it would tumble over on me as every body else has been for several hundred years! That and the cathedral and the baptistery all stand together and are all mosaic and white marble and look so beautiful against the bright Italian sky. Most of yesterday and the day

[ *Page 3* ]

before we were within sight of the sea and it was very comfortable in the cars. We shall have three long days journeys between here and Paris and I wish they were over with, but we shall stop every night which will rest us. [ Only *corrected* ] four weeks now before I start for home and though nobody ever enjoyed 'Europe' more, you don't know how glad I shall be. I really don't want to spend the winter though so many people prophesied that I should. I shall be so glad to see you [ *deleted word* ] and all my friends, and to go on with my writing and my own affairs. I can't [ *deleted word* ]

[ *Page 4* ]

imagine how people get discontented and want to come back. It seems to me I have been growing fonder of home all the time and I have had twice as good a time here this summer as most people have, I know! I like the dome of Boston state house* better than the dome of St. Peters, if it is smaller! and Agamenticus* is a very good little hill if it isn't as high as the Alps. But (not to joke any more) I think one can learn and enjoy a great deal more in some ways here than in America, and I have tried to get all the advantages that I could. It was splendid

[ *Page 5* ]

to see the old statues in Rome and I think there is no way to study history like going to these oldest cities. Seeing other countries makes you understand your own better —

— What a good time you must have had up the lake! The last letter I had was just as you were starting for York and I hope that trip was a cheerful one too. I had such a laugh over [ Shual *?* ], but I think she is a great loss! I am afraid you will think I might have written a better letter, but I will bid you all good evening because I am quite tired, and I will have every particular next time.

From your loving Sarah

**Notes**

*dome of the Boston state house*: The Massachusetts state capital building.

*Agamenticus*: Mount Agamenticus at 692 feet, is east of Jewett's home town, South Berwick, ME, and visible from high points in and near the town.

*Shual*: This transcription is uncertain and the name unknown.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Paris 29 September

Dear Mary

I have much as [ ever *or* even *?* ]* got to Paris so you needn't expect to hear anything about it, and you might make believe I wrote the letter on the road. We came right up from Turin without stopping at Dijon as we first planned and are so relieved that the long journey is over. We had a splendid day for coming across the Alps and through the Mont Cenis tunnel* (as if weather made any difference in that!) The mountains were covered with snow and the leaves were changed (I mean the lower mountains which were bare

[ *Page 2* ]

when we were in Switzerland before) and it was such a contrast to Italy. The trees had changed colour and we had the car windows open so the breeze came through and it really seemed like fall weather at home, and I must say I had enough of the Italian summer lovely as it was to see, and to eat the fruits of. We have got such a nice place to stay, Mrs. Fields* has had a good deal of experience in living in Paris and she says she doesn't think we can do better. It is the Hotel St. Petersbourg in the Rue Caumartin* and we have a nice bedroom and parlor

[ *Page 3* ]

and room for Liza all on the first floor which means here, up one flight of stairs. I have sent a note to 'Julie'* and am waiting with great impatience to see her. I think it will be great fun. Mrs. Fields has some friends here whom she will want to see as much as she can, and I mean to make Julie go cruising. You don't know how lovely and kind dear Mrs. Fields is. I can't tell you how many nice things she is always doing for me, and how much pleasanter it has made the summer to have her to see things with. I always mean to do every thing I can for her and to be with her all the time I can spare and that I don't owe to my other friends.

[ *Page 4* ]

I do feel as if she needed me too and I really hate to think of her going home to be all alone while I go off to see all of you. I think if I don't get up very early in the morning, I shall go home with her and spend the night, for it will be pleasanter ^for her^. We are so used to being together now —

— — We have been out cruising all the afternoon and had great luck. I really had come to rags, and I got a little waist to wear with my short black silk and now I can live on that. You somehow have a feeling as if you could pick up good clothes in the

[ *Page 5* ]

streets in Paris, but the truth is it is just about like going shopping in New York and not a bit easier or much cheaper. There are neat lovely shops for fancy things, and knickknacks and I wish I had all the money I started with so I could buy everything I saw for half a day! Paris is awfully nice and bright and amusing. I believe I always like the last place best. I mean the last very nice place. Sister wants to live in Venice and have crabs in she's front door steps. [ *a short wavy line* ]

I got your last two letters here and I am so sorry I didn't

[ *Page 6* ]

know about Taddy's* wanting the Roman sash, but she wrote me when I was there that she wanted me to use the ten dollars she gave me for night-gowns so of course I thought she had changed her mind about the sash. I think they are lovely, but I don't think they are very useful things. If I come across one here at any decent price I will get it, but as they were five dollars in Rome, I suppose here they would be nearly double. I should be so glad to get a thousand pretty things for all of you, but I had to get my winter clothes, and Mrs. Fields kept

[ *Page 7* ]

laughing and at last made me keep some money for them and it is a mercy sister being now in rags. Mrs. Ole* told us of such a nice dress maker and today we went to view her with great satisfaction. I am going to have a very dark red for my winter suit, about the colour of that wine coloured thibet* I used to have & like so much when I was much as ever growed up. Good-night and Mrs. Fields sends a great deal of love and I wish Mother could see the Bon Marché. Jordan and

[ *Page 8* ]

[ Mash *so it appears* ]* are quite put out both as to size and glory. Sister to kite every place to Kirk Sessions* tomorrow it being Sunday.

[ *No signature* ]

**Notes**

*ever or even*: What Jewett has written and what she means here seem unclear. Perhaps she means to say that the details of her journey are uninteresting to report.

*Mount Cenis tunnel*: "The Fréjus Rail Tunnel (also called Mont Cenis Tunnel) is a rail tunnel of 13.7 km (8.5 mi) length in the European Alps, carrying the Turin-Modane railway through Mount Cenis to an end-on connection with the Culoz-Modane railway and linking Bardonecchia in Italy to Modane in France." Wikipedia

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Hotel St. Petersbourg in the Rue Caumartin*: The Hotel St. Petersbourg Opéra remains at 35 Rue Caumartin in 2016.

*'Julie'*: This may be Stella Louise (Lulie) Walworth (Mrs. Wallace) Pierce. In a letter to Mary Rice Jewett of 10 October 1882, Jewett indicates the Julie is well-known to the entire Jewett family. This suggests that she may refer to Stella Louise Walworth (Mrs. Wallace) Pierce. As seen in Anna Laurens Dawes to Jewett of May 26, 1876, Miss Walworth was familiarly known by her nickname, Lulie. While it appears that Jewett has written 'Julie' usually in quotation marks in every instance in these letters of 1882, perhaps she actually wrote 'Lulie.' See Ella Walworth in Key to Correspondents.

*Mrs. Ole*: Sara Chapman Thorp Bull. Key to Correspondents.

*thibet*: Thibet is a fine wool fabric used for dresses and also for coats in the 19th century.

*Bon Marché …. Jordan and Mash*: Le Bon Marché is a large Paris department store founded in 1852 by Aristide Boucicaut. It was the first modern department store.

Jordan Marsh & Company was a Boston department store which became a regional chain in New England. Eben Dyer Jordan opened a dry goods store in 1841; he eventually partnered with Benjamin L. Marsh as he expanded his business. Wikipedia.

*kite every place to Kirk Sessions*: Jewett indicates that she will be attending church, apparently in more than one place.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Paris 8 October

Dear Mary

How perfectly dreadful it was about Ralph Doe!* I sent Mrs. Doe a letter, but I could not say much of anything except how sorry I was for her, it must have been a dreadful shock. I hope to hear more about it in a day or two for I get your letters regularly now and it is so nice.

— We are getting on beautifully today and yesterday, and have started some frocks — and I have ordered a nice big coat trimmed with fur which I have been setting my heart on all the time and meant to have if I had nothing else.

[ *Page 2* ]

I am going to have a dark red dress for my street suit ^I told you once though!^ and wear it under the cloak which throws off easily — for you need not have a little outside coat to match your dress anymore. For instance you can wear your black plush jacket with anything. Dark blue and dark green and dark red all seem to be worn and braiding has come back. I wish if you have kept the braided pieces that were on the blue broadcloth dress you would have them put on again round the bottom of the petticoat &c over the plush. I'll show you how I mean when I get home for it is new and very stylish and will make you as lovely a

[ *Page 3* ]

dress as you will want. I have got three dresses, a reddish silk for a dinner dress, and the darker red dress I told you about, and a light thin one for next summer. Even if I could afford it I think those are all I really need. It is a great temptation to get things here, they are so pretty. We are staying in today because Mrs. Fields* has somehow taken an awful cold and we are dwelling by the fire joyfully. Our rooms are so pretty and pleasant and it is such fun to see the people in the street. I must go out pretty soon to try on my dresses and I wish it was over

[ *Page 4* ]

with. Do tell Miss Grant* that the lop-over ruffles have been all the fashion this summer just as she said, and I am a little more reconciled to them than at first but not much. We have not done much sightseeing yet for we were so busy yesterday and day before. Mrs. Fields sends love and I will write again in a day or two. I have not seen Julie* yet, she is still in the country —

Yours lovingly

S.O.J.

**Notes**

*Ralph Doe*: See Edith Bell Haven (Mrs. Charles Cogwell) Doe in Key to Correspondents. Her son, Ralph Doe (1886-1882) died on 17 September in Nebraska at the age of 16. His death record indicates that he was working in the cattle business near North Platte and died from injuries in a prairie fire.

*Miss Grant*: Olive Grant, South Berwick dress-maker. Key to Correspondents.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Julie*: This may be Stella Louise (Lulie) Walworth (Mrs. Wallace) Pierce. See Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 29 September 1882. See Ella Walworth in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**William Eglinton to Sarah Orne Jewett**

[ *Begin letterhead*

*in red ink, with a design* ]*

32, FOPSTONE ROAD, EARL'S COURT,

LONDON, S.W.

[ *End letterhead* ]

October 9 — 83 [ *1882* ]*

Dear Madam.

I am receipt of your letter of the [ 3rd. *?* ] inst, and should have acknowledged its contents sooner had I known definitely the result of my movements during the next two weeks. It will give me very much pleasure if you will allow me to call upon you and your [ return *?* ] from Paris — & that I may lose no time in doing so, I shall be obliged if you will

[ *Page 2* ]

kindly notify me, when you are in London, of your address and the exact time you will remain in England.

Believe me, Madam,

Yours faithfully —

W. Eglinton

**Notes**

*design*: The design features a cross with a v-shaped banner below. The banner reads: DIEU SEUL: French, God Alone.

*1882*: Eglinton's date is confusing. Jewett and Annie Adams Fields traveled to Europe in 1882, 24 May - 25 October. They were in Paris in early October, and in London in the middle of the month, before their return home. These dates, then, fit the letter well, except that it is dated 1883. Almost certainly there is an error in the date, in Eglinton's writing or in my transcription, though he certainly seems to have written "83."

The letter itself also poses something of a puzzle. It seems almost certain that the author is William Eglinton (1857-1933), a British spiritualist medium, who was exposed as a fraud several times, notably in a series of publications in the journal of the *Society for Psychical Research* in 1886-7. Abdullah / Abd-ū-lah, one of Eglinton's "controls," was a large bearded "East Indian" who materialized often during Eglinton's performances. In addition to Wikipedia, see '*Twixt Two Worlds: A Narrative of the Life and Work of William Eglinton* (1886) by John Stephen Farmer.

In 1882, Jewett and Fields, and especially Celia Thaxter, were intensely interested in Spiritualism, and this letter presumably results from that interest. In her recent letters to Fields and Jewett, Thaxter had urged them to see the "mystic people" in London.

See Terry Heller, "Communing with the Dead: Celia Thaxter, John Greenleaf Whittier, Sarah Orne Jewett, Annie Adams Fields," in *Spirits and Photos: Two Papers on Sarah Orne Jewett*, Sarah Orne Jewett Press, 2025, available at the Internet Archive.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Sarah Orne Jewett, Additional Correspondence, MS Am 1743.1, Box 1, Item 27, I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Paris 10 October

Dear Mary

I have been on the wing all day for Paris is growing more delightful every day, and we find more to do. First came your nice letter and Carrie's which is the nicest one I have had from her since I came away and I mean to write her soon as I can. After we had read 'the mail' and had breakfast we went to the Louvre* as we have been taking that in installments. Today we saw the last of the pictures and we had left some of the statuary and we wound up with a view of the Venus de Milo,* which is really more

[ *Page 2* ]

beautiful twice over than any of the copies — I think usually the casts are as good as the originals, it isn't like pictures which always seem to keep the life of the painter's touch, and to lose it in a copy. Mrs. Fields* laughs because in Milan and Venice I fell dead in love with some pictures by an artist of the fifteenth century called Gentile Bellini. You pronounce him genteely Belleny, and he is very much to be admired but you can't help laughing at his pictures, too. I found there were two of his works in the Louvre and have hunted

[ *Page 3* ]

and hunted until today I found them — Then we went to the banker and then came home to lunch and found 'Julie'* here and we had great fun and gossiped a good while and then she and I went out together and I went to see the apartment of four rooms she has taken for the winter. She is still in the country. Mrs. Fields has asked her in for Friday night and we are going to the opera and then I am going out in the country to spend the day with her. I have only seen her once

[ *Page 4* ]

before as she has been in Normandy and was detained there by the floods.* We are so lucky to have been in Italy. I mean in the region of Venice just when we were for if we had been a week later we should have had a very bad time. Julie looks just the same and is very bright and pleasant and she and Mrs. Fields get on together amazingly. Mrs. Fields has great fun with her and seems so much amused with her. We had her singing today and it seemed so much like old times. I am glad Mrs. F. does

[ *Page 5* ]

like her and see her 'good side' — The Grangers* whom we saw so much in Interlaken are here too and we are very glad — Thursday

we mean to go to Versailles and I shall enjoy that very much. In the evenings we have been reading a book about the French Revolution* which makes Paris twice as interesting. Goodnight with ever so much love from the Q of Sheby —

Tell mother Julie looks just like the little owl!!

**Notes**

*Carrie's*: Caroline Jewett Eastman. See Correspondents. Key to Correspondents.

*Louvre*: The world's largest art museum in Paris.

*Venus de Milo*: "Aphrodite of Milos ..., better known as the Venus de Milo, is an ancient Greek statue and one of the most famous works of ancient Greek sculpture." Wikipedia.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. See Correspondents.

*'Julie'*: this may refer to Stella Louise (Lulie) Walworth (Mrs. Wallace) Pierce. See Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 29 September 1882 and Ella Walworth in Key to Correspondents.

*Normandy … the floods*: Normandy is a region of northwest France.

There were major floods in both Europe and the United States during 1882. According to memoranda of "John Davies Mereweather," In September 1882, during the reign of King Umberto I, north-eastern Italy suffered from heavy rains which, together with melting snow from the Alps, caused disastrous inundations. The Adige burst its banks, and large areas were flooded. Verona, in particular, suffered serious damage. Communication between that city and Venice was entirely cut off. Mereweather reports to English newspapers that the "misery, ruin, and suffering are widespread and painful to contemplate." And "scantily-dressed men, women, and children may be seen gazing in dumb despair on the ruins of the dwellings from which they escaped as these crumbled and dissolved amid the surging waters." According to the Italian consul in Manchester, nearly 200,000 persons were rendered homeless. In November, Mereweather writes, "a fresh series of storms swept over this unfortunate country and made matters infinitely worse."

There also were floods in much of France during the autumn of 1882. Before 2016, the worst flooding in Paris had taken place in December 1882.

*the Grangers*: Jewett was acquainted with Cornelia Adeline "Adele" Granger (1819/20-1892. See Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 17 August 1882.

*French Revolution*: The French Revolution (1789-1799) was a period of violence and upheaval, in which the monarchy of King Louis XVI was overthrown to be replaced a decade later with the dictatorship of Napoleon Bonaparte. Wikipedia.

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**Celia Thaxter to Mrs Locke**

Winthrop House

Boston, Mass —

Oct 11th (82

Mrs Locke:

Dear Madam:

Your note was mislaid & has just turned up.

It is so much trouble to make the illustrations to my books, painting in water color over the page, that I have concluded not to do it again under a price of ten dollars, which would include the book ($1.25) & twelve illustrations. If you care for it at that price, or know of people who would, I ^am^ willing to fill any orders between now & xmas. Each vol. contains photograph & autograph — of course, the higher the price paid, the greater the number of illustrations —

Very truly C. Thaxter.

[ *Up the left margin* ]

Be kind enough to reply ^soon^ that I may arrange my work accordingly —

**Notes**

*Locke*: There are other letters to Mrs. Locke in various archives, but she has not yet been identified.

While this letter has little to do with Sarah Orne Jewett, as it probably never was seen by her, it is included here because it provides a glimpse of a friend and fellow artist's business practices.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Chicago Historical Museum, Small Manuscripts collections: MSS Alpha Thaxter.

With this letter in the collection of the CHM is an autographed fair copy of Thaxter's poem, "Within and Without" (1885). As the poem is not known to have been published before 1885, it seems unlikely that this copy was included in this letter. Whether the ms. has any other connection with this letter is not yet known.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

Sunday 15th October

Dear O. P.*

Only think, when you get this letter I shall be already on the sea! Every body has had a good voyage lately that I have heard of and I hope we shall. I can't write much today for we are going to Mrs. Greene's* to dine and I shall have to dress pretty soon. Did I tell you how much I had enjoyed her? She is a sister of Mr. Quincy Shaw's and it was her daughter Bessie who was lost on the Schiller at the time Dr. Susan Dimoch was lost.* — She is a lovely woman

[ *Page 2* ]

and one of Mrs. Fields's best friends but they had not seen each other for five years. She has been so nice ever since we have been here. I must tell you about our day at Versailles which was perfectly delightful. It was a real Indian summer day* and the park was more beautiful than any I have ever seen, full of magnificent trees. The elms grow on either side of the avenues and are trained and trimmed so they make the loveliest great arches like those in Milan Cathedral. Then there are rows of poplars very

[ *Page 3* ]

long and stiff and splendid, and great gardens and fountains and clipped hedges all most beautifully kept. The Palace is crammed with pictures and just to walk through all the rooms takes several hours for the buildings cover ever so many acres. I don't dare to tell you how many! You can see where Marie Antoinette* lived and all her furniture and many things left there when they were mobbed and brought into Paris. The King's apartments were beautiful, and it is such a beautiful place altogether. We went to the Little Trianon*

[ *Page 4* ]

where the King and Queen used to go for pleasure and even the Queen's piano was there and ever so many things in her bedroom as if she had just gone away yesterday, poor creature. Of course there were others living at Versailles before them but nobody since — I do want to tell you all about it when I get home. Yesterday I went to the country to spend the day with Julia* and had a very nice time and a splendid breakfast! Mrs. Fields was going too (Julia came in Friday and spent the night.) but it rained and she did not feel as if it were safe, as her cold isn't well yet. Julia really is going to have a beautiful place

[ *Page 5* ]

out there, and though I couldn't see as much of the outside ^as^ I wished, I still could see a good deal. Her gardens must have been beautiful earlier in the season. She is coming into Paris very soon now for the winter. She has ever so much land on the place she has bought, and is so interested in it and I do think it is a capital thing for her and that she is much happier than ever she was in Washington. ——

I must say good-bye, and do a little packing before I [ dare ? ] to go* out. I don't know which

[ *Page 6* ]

^way^ we shall turn tomorrow there are so many things we want to do. You don't know how glad I am to be going back to London! Love to Mother and all from Sarah.

**Notes**

*Mrs. Greene ... a sister of Mr. Quincy Shaw's ... her daughter Bessie ... lost on the Schiller ... Dr. Susan Dimoch*: "SS Schiller was a 3,421 ton German ocean liner, one of the largest vessels of her time. Launched in 1873, she plied her trade across the Atlantic Ocean, carrying passengers between New York and Hamburg for the German Transatlantic Steam Navigation Line. She became notorious on 7 May 1875, while operating on her normal route, when she hit the Retarrier Ledges in the Isles of Scilly [ in the English Channel ], causing her to sink with the loss of most of her crew and passengers, totaling 335 fatalities." Wikipedia.

"Susan Dimock M.D. (April 24, 1847 - May 7, 1875) was a pioneer in American Medicine who received her qualification as a doctor from the University of Zurich in 1871 and was subsequently appointed resident physician of the New England Hospital for Women and

Children in 1872. The hospital, now known as the Dimock Community Health Center, was renamed in her honor after her tragic drowning in 1875. Dimock was traveling to Europe for pleasure and profession when she died in the shipwreck of the SS Schiller off the coast of the Scilly Isles. She is also remembered for becoming the first woman member of the North Carolina Medical Society." Wikipedia.

According to Wikipedia, Quincy Adams Shaw (1825-1908) of Boston inherited great wealth and spent much of his life engaged in various business and philanthropic activities. He traveled in the West with his cousin, Francis Parkman, Jr., who dedicated his book, *The Oregon Trail*, to Shaw. Members of his family were active in abolition and the Civil War. He married Pauline Agassiz, daughter of the Harvard biologist, Louis Agassiz.

Shaw's sister, Anna Blake Shaw (1817-1901), married the minister and activist, William Batchelder Greene (1819-1878). Their daughter, Elizabeth (Bessie, 1846-1875), who became a benefactor of the New England Hospital for Women and Children and was lost with the *Schiller*. See also Wikipedia and *The Fiftieth Anniversary of the New England Hospital for Women and Children* (1913 ) pp. 48-9.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Indian summer day*: In the northern hemisphere, an unseasonably warm spell between late September and early November, usually after the first killing frost.

*Marie Antoinette*: "Marie Antoinette ... born Maria Antonia Josepha Johanna (1755-1793), was the last Queen of France prior to the French Revolution.... " After a two-day trial begun on 14 October 1793, Marie Antoinette was convicted by the Revolutionary Tribunal of high treason, and executed by guillotine on Place de la Révolution on 16 October 1793." Wikipedia.

*little Trianon*: "Petit Trianon ... built between 1762 and 1768 during the reign of Louis XV, is a small château located on the grounds of the Palace of Versailles in Versailles, France. The park of the Grand Trianon includes the Petit Trianon." Wikipedia.

*Julia*: This may be Stella Louise (Lulie) Walworth (Mrs. Wallace) Pierce. See Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett of 29 September 1882. See Ella Walworth in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

10 Clarges St.

London

18 October

[ *1882* ]

Dear O.P.

It was delightful to get back here last evening. After all London is the best place! and it is very homelike at this house and quite pleasant to hear one's own language. Wasn't it funny that I should have had a letter from you just as we were leaving the hotel in Paris and [ *deleted word* ] then I found one waiting for me here both beautiful lettys. Mrs. Fields* and I nearly gave up about some of your remarks. We were very tired when we got here, for

[ *Page 2* ]

it is a long day's journey and the Channel thrown in — We were not seasick but next thing to it, that is you get all shaken up. Liza succumbed to fate, and was much depressed. She and Mrs. Fields have now gone forth in a hansom cab to attend to much business, but I have caught the cold that everybody does in Paris and so I stayed in there being an excellent London fog without of so yellow a nature that I can't much more than see to write in our lightest front window. An English lady whom we met coming down from Norway

[ *Page 3* ]

last summer told us of this place, and it is so nice. We engaged the rooms before we went on the continent =* We went to see Miss Gardner* before we left Paris and had a very pleasant call indeed. She seemed glad to see us, and showed us what she was doing. She was painting such a pretty model a little French girl, for a picture of Evangeline.* She had just come back from the country. I hardly remember seeing her, but she remembered me when I was a little girl.* She was most cordial and kind and seemed to be full

[ *Page 4* ]

of business with her pictures. Mrs. Fields is going to the Cunard office this morning to see if we can change our stateroom ^tickets^ to the next steamer —, so we shall have a week or so longer before we set sail — There are so many things we want to do in London that we shall have to be very busy, and it would be ever so much more comfortable to have a little more time{.} I will leave my letter open and tell you what the result is, when she comes home. I am sorry to

[ *Page 5* ]

keep you waiting and to keep myself waiting any longer, but it will be so little while —

She says that we couldn't get a good stateroom on the Cephalonia — and on the Parthia* we have the best, so we shall sail the 25th. Love to all from the

Queen —

**Notes**

*10 Clarges Street*: Which hotel was located at this London Mayfair address is not yet known.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Liza*: Personal servant of Annie Fields.

=: Jewett sometimes uses an = sign where one might expect her to use a dash. In this case, she used 3 parallel lines.

*Mrs. Gardner … a picture of Evangeline*: Probably this is Elizabeth Jane Gardner Bouguereau (1837-1922). Wikipedia says she was "an American academic and salon painter, who was born in Exeter, New Hampshire. She was an American expatriate who died in Paris where she had lived most of her life. She studied in Paris under the figurative painter Hugues Merle (1823-1881), the well-known salon painter Jules Joseph Lefebvre (1836- 1911), and finally under William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905). After Bouguereau's wife died, Gardner became his paramour and after the death of his mother, who bitterly opposed the union, she married him in 1896. She adopted his subjects, compositions and even his smooth facture, channeling his style so successfully that some of her work might be mistaken for his."

Probably, Jewett refers to her as "Mrs. Gardner" because at this time, she was living with, but not married to Mr. Bouguereau.

No painting of hers entitled "Evangeline" has yet been located. It seems likely that the subject of such a painting would be Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's character in his narrative poem, *Evangeline* (1847), which recounts the sad love story of an Acadian woman.

*Cephalonia … Parthia*: Wikipedia says that the Cunard steamship line was a leading North Atlantic passenger steam-ship line in the 1880s. The *SS Parthia* was in service from 1870 to 1884, the *SS Caphalonia* from 1882 to 1900.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier**

London 10 Clarges St.

19 October

[ *1882* ]*

My dear friend

This is the last time I shall write you from this side the sea for if all goes well we shall be coming in on the Parthia* on the Sunday morning after this letter reaches you =

Mrs. Fields* has gone out alone to do some pleasant things

[ *Page 2* ]

we planned to do together, for just before we left Paris I took an enormous cold which doubled itself as it crossed the Channel, so in these last dear days in London I must stay in the house — It is a great pity! but I am the last person who ought to grumble, for I have been so fortunate

[ *Page 3* ]

all this summer long —

How soon I shall be seeing you! and telling you stories so long that you will be tired of listening! I have had such a good time and I am so glad I need not stay away from home all winter!!

— We are perfectly delighted to find that you are really going to spend the winter in town and M$^{rs}$ Fields says she is

[ *Page 4* ]

going to try to make you promise to come one certain day every week to breakfast (besides every other day you can!) and then we shall be sure of you. I say 'we' because I hope I shall be at 148 Charles St. very often indeed — What times there will be at the Winthrop House* with you and 'The Sandpiper'* both under its roof. Something may happen to the roof, for all I know! Now goodbye and God bless you, and if you don't find any news in this letter you will find my love and A. F.'s beside.

Yrs ever, S. O. J.

[ *Up the left and across the top margin of page 1* ]

Oh — 'Asquam Lake'* was perfectly beautiful — Mrs. Fields found it copied into a paper, and we guawked* over it as even the Sandpiper never could! and were so proud.

It was so fresh and strong and carried us straight there to see it too —

**Notes**

*1882*: At the time of this letter, Jewett and Annie Adams Fields both were staying in London, but soon to depart for the U.S.

*Parthia*: Wikipedia says that the Cunard steamship line was a leading North Atlantic passenger steam-ship line in the 1880s. The *SS Parthia* was in service from 1870 to 1884.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields or A.F. Key to Correspondents.

*The Sandpiper*: Celia Thaxter. Key to Correspondents

*guawked*: Thaxter usually rendered this probable "Sandpiper" sound as "quawk."

*House*: Richard Cary notes: "The Winthrop Hotel on Bowdoin Street in Boston was a frequent retreat for Mrs. Thaxter when the winters on the Isles of Shoals became too rigorous. Whittier spent the winter of 1882-1883 at the hotel to be near his dying brother."

*Lake*: Cary points out that Whittier's "Storm on Lake Asquam," which was dated "7th mo., 1882," appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in October 1882. It was collected in *The Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems* (1883).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett**

10 Clarges St.*

Monday 23

[ *October, 1882* ]

Dear Mary

I will just send one more letter on the chance that you may get it before I get home. My cold is nearly well and it is lovely weather so we hope to have a good voyage. Yesterday we had a beautiful time! We went to St. Paul's* where there was fine music, and one of the regiments just returned

[ *Page 2* ]

from [ *deleted word* ] Egypt was all paraded at service — and later in the day the [ Light *corrected* ] Household Guards* the crack London regiment marched up Piccadilly and all London turned out to see them and to cheer Sister [ in *?* ] excellent time! I am afraid next Sunday will seem quite tame in contrast! Love to all. Oh Mrs. Ritchie* was charming, and we had such a lunch at Miss Hogarth's* Saturday, and a pleasant tea at

[ *Up the left margin of page 2* ]

Mrs. Smalley's. Mrs. Huxley* was there & was very

[ *Up the left margin of page 1* ]

nice. I have had such a lovely summer and Mrs. Fields* has been so kind. We are off today for Liverpool. Love to all from the Q of S. Only think this is really the last letter before I come home!

**Notes**

*10 Clarges Street*: Which hotel was located at this London Mayfair address is not yet known.

*Light Household Guards*: Presumably Jewett refers to what is now known as the Household Cavalry. Wikipedia says: "The two regiments of the Household Cavalry are regarded as the most prestigious in the British Army, due to their role as the monarch's official bodyguard."

*Mrs. Ritchie*: British author Anne Isabella, Lady Ritchie, née Thackeray (1837-1919). Wikipedia.

*Miss Hogarth*: "Georgina Hogarth (1827-1917) was the sister-in-law, housekeeper, and adviser of English novelist Charles Dickens and the editor of two volumes of his collected letters after his death." Wikipedia.

*Mrs. Smalley's ... Mrs. Huxley*: Mrs. Smalley is Phoebe Garnaut (d. 1923) whose husband, George Washburn Smalley (1833-1916), was war and foreign correspondent for the *New York Tribune*.

Mrs. Huxley is Julia Arnold (1862-1908), daughter of British literary scholar Tom Arnold and niece of the poet Matthew Arnold. She was the first wife of the British educator Leonard Huxley (1860-1933), who was the son of the famous zoologist and defender of Charles Darwin, Thomas Henry Huxley. Leonard and Julia were the parents of two especially distinguished sons, biologist Julian and writer Aldous. Wikipedia.

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University in Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Mary Rice Jewett 1847-1930, recipient, 40 letters; 1877-1892 & n.d. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields**

W.H.* Nov. 10th (82

Dear & ever dear Annie:

Mrs Lang* has written to ask me to go to the Oratorio* with her on Monday night — but I dare not be away that night lest my Roland* should want me, for Mr T.* goes to his New Bedford reading on that evening & has to be gone several more Mondays — I dont know at all how the life at the hospital will be, but I feel as if I must stand ready for the first weeks, at any rate, to be at my poor boy's call, if he needs me. Dearest I gave yours & Pinny's* messages to "truly

[ *Page 2* ]

thy friend —"* he was full of tender interest & going soon to see you. If you want me, dear, shall I go to you Tuesdays instead of Mondays? We did not talk of Roland the other night — You know he ought to have been under surgical care all this time, but he thought his own care was enough & dreads so coming to the city — we could not persuade him. But [ tomorrow *?* ] I trust will see him here. I shall take my water colors, & take up my abode in the hospital! That is, I mean I shall be there all the time I can. Poor Roland, [ stopped *corrected* ] still in the threshold of his life, — heaven knows how long,— it may be years before he walks —

Bless you, my darling — How is it with you?

[ *Up the left margin of page 2* ]

Do send me a word —

I expect Roland tomorrow. Ellery Jennison* went down to get him — Mr T's reading coming today.

Your most loving C.

**Notes**

*W. H.*: The Winthrop House on Bowdoin Street in Boston, a quiet and inexpensive hotel used by John Greenleaf Whittier and other literary visitors to Boston.

*Mrs Lang*: Probably this is the singer Frances Morse Burrage (1839-1934). Fields and Jewett were acquainted with her and her husband, Boston musician Benjamin Johnson Lang (1837-1909).

*Oratorio*: Probably Thaxter had been invited to attend the oratorio, *The Creation*, by Joseph Haydn (1732-1809), which took place in the Mechanics Building in Boston on Sunday 12 November 1882. Benjamin Johnson Lang was organist for this performance. See *History of the Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston, Massachusetts,* v. 1 p. 430.

*Roland*: Thaxter's youngest son, who has experienced a developing problem with one of his knees.

*Mr T.*: Thaxter's husband, Levi, who made a career of presenting readings of the poems of Robert Browning.

*Pinny's*: Thaxter is using an intimate nickname shared among Jewett, Fields and herself. Pinny is Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*thy friend*: John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents.

*Ellery Jennison*: Samuel Jennison (1821-1900), was a Cambridge, MA area lawyer, who married Mary Lincoln Thaxter, sister of Thaxter's husband, Levi, and of Lucy Thaxter Titcomb. Their 4 children were: Lucy White, Samuel Ellery

(1856- ), Katharine Almy, and Robert (b. & d. 1861). See *The Giles Memorial*, pp. 275-6.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 3 (191-209).

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**Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields**

W. H.* Sat. night

Nov. 11th

[ *1882* ]*

My dearest one:

I did try to get round for a peep at your lovely face today but I have been half distraught with everything today & failed in what I so greatly desired. I have spent most of the day at the hospital with Roland* — The Drs haven't yet decided about him but I hope, oh I hope they will say I can have him here to take care of, for it is so sad there at the hospital & the moans & groans of the sufferers all about make my boy's heart heavy within

[ *Page 2* ]

him. O, I must have him here with me— I can take such care [ *unrecognized mark* ] of him, will not think of anything else if only they will let me have him. Of course I wouldn't think of it if it were necessary or better for him ^at the hospital^ but I don't think its either — hope not!

You dear dear Annie, thanks, thousands, for the splendid gnarled olive & the most interesting report — I'm so glad to see it — want to show it to Roland if I may keep it a little longer — O how I want to see you again! If I only get Roland here I can

[ *Page 3* ]

^get^ off once in a while, for Aunt Lucy will be here, & Karl, & Mr T.* part of time. I am awfully busy with orders* for Xmas & work with all my might & main every minute — worked all the time at the hospital — How goes it with you, beautiful darling? I think of you all the time — I am yours faithfully — fondly

C.T.

**Notes**

*1882*: This letter fairly clearly follows Thaxter to Fields of 10 November, as she continues reporting upon her son Roland's knee troubles.

*W. H.*: The Winthrop House on Bowdoin Street in Boston, a quiet and inexpensive hotel used by John Greenleaf Whittier and other literary visitors to Boston.

*Roland*: Thaxter's youngest son has had surgery on a knee.

*Aunt Lucy ...Karl, & Mr T.*: Karl is Thaxter's oldest son, who is disabled. Mr. T. is her husband, Levi. Lucy Titcomb is Levi Thaxter's sister.

*orders*: Thaxter earned a small income by painting china and hand illustrating books.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 3 (191-209).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Nancy (Mrs. Henry Oscar) Houghton**

South Berwick

12 November 1882

Dear Mrs. Houghton

Thank you very much for your kind note of welcome which Mrs. Fields* forwarded ^to^ me here. I need not tell you what a charming summer I have had or how delightful it is to be at home again — and the best part of it is that I am so much stronger & better than when

[ *Page 2* ]

I went away in the spring. — I hope to be in Boston a good deal this winter and then I shall certainly see you.

Will you please tell Mr Houghton that I was sorry not to see him longer last Thursday, but I was going to take the next train for home and was in a great hurry. Kindest regards to him and to all your household and I am yours most sincerely

Sarah O. Jewett

**Notes**

*Mrs. Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

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**Annie Adams Fields to Mr. Sayer**

Nov. 15th 1882

[ *Begin letterhead* ]

148. Charles Street.

Boston

[ *End letterhead* ]

Mr. Sayer:*

Dear Sir:

Mr. Paine* has requested me to supplement his reply to your note by making some suggestions about the best authorities to be consulted regarding organization — in benevolent work.

So far as I know Dr. Chalmers* of Glasgow was the first man who introduced not only the idea but the practice into our English speaking world. I believe

[ *Page 2* ]

the work was inaugurated about the same period in [ Elsenfeld *?* ] Germany* where while the [ found. lasted *or* lived *?* ] it reached greater perfection than it has done elsewhere, but through a fault in the plan as we think, introducing political influence and compelling persons by law to [ *deleted word* ] visit, the work seems to have

[ *Page 3* ]

fallen off and degenerated greatly in that place. Dr. Chalmers' work on the contrary took root in America and I dare say has left its mark also in Glasgow. If you can find no manual from his hand at least in the life of him published last year, there is a reference to his plans — Frederick Denison* of London has left a book behind him which should be read by any one hoping for success in this difficult science.

[ *Page 4* ]

Among our contemporaries Mifs Octavia Hill* easily stands first as an authority or the authority — Her two books the first a pamphlet describing the tenements in Blank Court and methods of visiting and the second a series of essays (which have been reprinted here in Boston at ten cents at the Charity Building) really contain all that is necessary in starting such work —— practically all that can be said — I have just seen Mifs Hill in London. She says more and more it becomes a question of education for Visitors as well as visited —

Forgive this hurried letter and believe me respectfully

Annie Fields

**Notes**

*Mr. Sayer*: This person has not yet been identified.

*Mr. Paine*: Robert Treat Paine, Jr. (1835-1910), a Boston lawyer, philanthropist and social reformer, who among other positions was for a time president of the Associated Charities of Boston, with which Annie Adams Fields was connected.

*Dr. Chalmers*: Probably, Fields refers to Dr. Thomas Chalmers (1780-1847), Scottish minister and reformer. WorldCat lists no life of Thomas Chalmers in 1881, but Norman L. Walker published *Thomas Chambers* in London in 1880.

*Elsenfeld Germany*: The transcription of Elsenfeld is uncertain; this guess is supported by there being such a town in Germany. Though social reform related to pauperism became important in 19th-century Germany, how the town of Elsenfeld figured in this movement is not yet known.

*Frederick Denison*: Identifying this person proves more difficult than one would expect. In her book, *How to Help the Poor* (1883), Fields refers several times to Edward Denison, never to Frederick Denison. Presumably, she has mistaken his name in this letter, for there seems to be no likely recipient named Frederick Denison. If she did err, then two likely but not certain candidates emerge.

Frederick Denison Maurice (1805-1872) was an English Anglican theologian and a founder of Christian socialism. The book Fields refers to, out of dozens of his publications, may be *The Kingdom of Christ* (1838).

Edward Denison (1840-1870), an English liberal politician and philanthropist,"left behind" only two posthumous books, *A Brief Record* (1871) and *Letters and Other Writings* (1875).

*Octavia Hill*: English social reformer Octavia Hill (1838-1912). By 1882, she had published

*Homes of the London Poor* (1871), with a section on Blank Court, and *Our Common Land and other Short Essays* (1877).

The manuscript of this letter is held by Milne Special Collections and Archives, University of New Hampshire Library, Durham, NH, USA: Annie Fields Letters, 1882-1911, MS 58.

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**John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields**

Hotel Winthrop

11 Mo 20 1882

My dear friend

I should have been happy in the acceptance of thy kind invitation last night but for the fact that I had been with my sick brother* at East Boston, & came back too tired for further exertion. I need not tell thee that I am sorry always to lose any

[ *Page 2* ]

opportunity of meeting one, who, (with her & [ thy / my *?* ] dearest friend) has made life seem to me brighter, happier & better.

I am glad thee like Mrs Child's letters.* I missed the letters to dear Fields* when I looked them over. I did not see the compilation until it was printed{.} The work was mainly done by Mrs Sewall

[ *Page 3* ]

who, I think, was not aware of Mrs C's correspondence with Mr. Fields.

Ever & gratefully thy friend

John G. Whittier

**Notes**

*sick brother*: Whittier's brother, Matthew, died on 7 January 1883.

*Mrs Child's letters*: Whittier refers to his partnering with others to produce *Letters of Lydia Maria Child* (1883). Lydia Maria Francis Child (1802-1880) was an American abolitionist, civil rights activist, novelist, and journalist.

Whittier's partners in the editing enterprise included reformer and activist Wendell Phillips (1811-1884) and Harriet Winslow Sewall (1819-1889), poet and second wife of American reformer, Samuel Edmund Sewall (1799-1888). Mrs. Sewall is credited with most of the editorial work.

*dear Fields*: James T. Fields, husband of Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4787.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields**

Thursday morning

[ *23 November 1882* ]*

Dearest Darling T.L.*

This is a lovely day, but I shall have to stay in now until my cold is better. I have been thinking about this day last week when I marched upstairs and surprised you, and wasn't it dear to be together again!

I have finished Lorna Doone* and there is ever so much

[ *Page 2* ]

that is perfectly delightful in it, but it is a great deal too long. And, to me, very often tedious — though I suppose it is high treason to say so — )* I had such a wretched dream last night that I have felt very happy by contrast ever since I waked up and found it wasn't true. I thought you had gone back

[ *Page 3* ]

to Europe to stay all winter, and I didn't know what I should do without you. I was wandering about in the house in Charles St. and the sun was shining into your room and it was so full of sunshine and so empty and poor Pin did almost break her heart and was so rejoiced when she waked up. It was a great surprise to find it wasn't true for there never was a dream that seemed more real and sorrowful.

= ( I am all alone just now for Grandfather and Mary*

[ *Page 4* ]

and Mother are all out and I wish I had you here for an hour all to myself —) Why shouldn't it be like the wise East Indian who came calling on young Eglinton* on the high seas? It would be a great astonishment to Sandpiper* if I learned how to travel in that way and sometimes 'lighted down 'forninst' her. Tell Pin three things when you write again, if you liked anything in the report of the [ Psychic *corrected* ] Society and if Miss Adams liked her bonnet, and if Miss Guild*

appeared to like her flowers that we carried that day in the rain{.}

[ *Up the left margin and then across the top margin of page 1* ]

(I have been reading "Yesterdays"* a long while today with more pleasure than ever. and I have at last sent the knife to Jamie Beal).* Oh! Pin is such a cold you know, T.L. !! I should think you would find a loud sneeze go off as you open this [ letter *corrected* ]. T. L. not to get cold!

From her dear Pin)

**Notes**

*23 November 1882*: This date is based upon a subsequent letter of 26 November, in which Jewett thanks Fields for her report on her sister's bonnet. This choice also is supported by the knowledge that Jewett and Fields were interested in Spiritualism at this time and that the letter seems to have been written after their return from their first European trip in the summer of 1882.

*T.L.*: A nickname Jewett gave to Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Lorna Doone*: *Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor* (1869) is a novel by English author Richard Doddridge Blackmore (1825-1900).

*so — )* : The end parenthesis mark appears to be penciled in another hand. All of the rest of parentheses in this letter also seem to have been added in pencil by another hand.

*Mary:* Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*Eglinton*: Almost certainly Jewett refers to William Eglinton (1857-1933), a British spiritualist medium, who was exposed as a fraud several times, notably in a series of publications in the journal of the Society for Psychical Research in 1886-7. See also *'Twixt Two Worlds: A Narrative of the Life and Work of William Eglinton* (1886) by John Stephen Farmer.

*Sandpiper*: Celia Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

Thaxter became interested in Spiritualism in about 1882 and, for a while, drew in Jewett and Fields as well. Jewett seems to be making gentle fun of Thaxter's reports of her Spiritualist sittings. See also, Terry Heller, "Communing with the Dead: Celia Thaxter, John Greenleaf Whittier, Sarah Orne Jewett, Annie Adams Fields," in *Spirits and Photos: Two Papers on Sarah Orne Jewett*, Sarah Orne Jewett Press, 2025, available at the Internet Archive.

*Psychic Society*: Society for Psychical Research, an organization that sought a scientific basis for Spiritualist phenomena, and that often found itself debunking popular spiritualists such as William Eglinton. Wikipedia.

*Miss Adams ... Miss Guild*: Miss Adams is the eldest sister of Annie Adams Fields, Sarah Holland Adams (1823-1916).

The transcription of "Guild" is uncertain, as is this person's identity. A Back Bay neighbor of Annie Fields was Fannie Carleton Guild, who was the principal of Guild's and Evans' Commonwealth Avenue School in Boston.

*"Yesterdays"*: While this is not certain, it seems likely that Jewett refers to *Yesterdays with Authors* (1871) by James T. Fields, husband of Annie Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Jamie Beal*: James H. Beal, brother-in-law to Annie Fields. See Annie Adams Fields in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [ n.d. ] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields**

Sunday noon

26 November [ *1882* ]*

Thank you for the medicine which came last night. I believe it has done me good already — and tomorrow I think my cold will be well enough for to go out doors — I dont know how much of a story I shall get done but I have just started one, and am so full of it that it ought to whisk [ itself *corrected from* it ] off in a very little while, but yesterday the pen balked at the end of the second or third page and would travel no farther on that occasion! However I am sure of the yarn and I

[ *Page 2* ]

shall be telling T. L.* it is done next thing — as soon as I get up a little more steam. It is funny how a cold takes hold of one — for it doesn't seem to be enough of an illness. —

— I am going to call the story The ^A^ New Parishioner *— —

— Grandpa* departed yesterday afternoon in high feather. I never did see such a chipper old lark! His youngest and best beloved boy, Uncle John — is coming on from Cincinnati this week for a little visit so I dare say they may

[ *Page 3* ]

both come down for Thanksgiving [ or *corrected* ] after it at any rate —

Grandpa lit on A Little Pilgrim* and read it with all his might while I looked on at first to see him slam it down with great wrath. He prides himself on a very grim theology but he said "This quite coincides with my views" — so I dont know where to place him at present for the little pilgrim certainly doesn't seem to be an expounder of [ Jonathan *corrected* ] Edwards!*

(I was quite overjoyed at the report of Miss Adams's* bonnet{.}

[ *Page 4* ]

Does she seem to be having a good time in Berlin? — but of course she does!)

Always wants to be with T.L. on Sundays! Misses her most of any day and loves her and wants her very much. My dear darling it is a comfort just to be in the world with you and I am your own Pinny. (Lawson).

(My love to Ida* — Dear little T.L. to send the medicine — T.L. is Pinny's doctor and she means to have no other whatever)

[ *Up the left margin and then across the top margin of page 1* ]

Mother just said "How beautiful that poem of Mrs Fields's was for Mrs. Stowe,* better than anything! and went on to mention the flatness of the the show to Pins great delectation. Pin to bestow (perhaps) the gift of twine in the little glass box)* but not to give photographs —

[ *Up the left margin of page 2* ]

Naughty Pin! but T.L. would be so miser'ble afterward you know pe'haps.

[ *Up the left margin of page 3* ]

(Nice Pin — has writed a letter to Susan Travers — )*

[ *Added in pencil up the left margin and then the right of page 4* ]

I had such a dear dismal note from Thy Friend* — and he had got as far as calling interviewers "wild beasts of Ephesus.*

[ *Page 5* ]

about the photographs — I probably shall get them in a day or two and we will see what is really missing — ) ~~That~~ ^It^ was dear ~~for~~ ^to give away^ the poppy,* but I am going to keep both mine {—} I love them so, and I am going to hoard them awfully and not let anybody touch them unless it is my little T.L. when she has given both hers away, and is howling with sorrow — I had such a dear dismal note from Thy friend* — + he had got as far as calling interviewers "wild beasts of Ephesus." — I think

T Whittier*

[ *Page 6* ]

he will be going back to Danvers next thing — It is too bad he gets so tired out — and then he always has that heavy sorrow about his brother's illness —

Good-by! — [ T. L. cant spell Frökin* right *written in very large script* ] [ but Pin can. *in very small script.* ]

**Notes**

*1882*: This date is supported by the publication of Jewett's story "A New Parishioner" in April 1883 and by the appearance of Fields's tribute to Harriet Beecher Stowe in December 1882. See notes below.

*T.L.*: Richard Cary says that T. L. is a "covert pet name which Miss Jewett teasingly applied to Annie Fields. No revelation [ *of its meaning* ] has yet been discovered in any of Miss Jewett's public or private writings."

*Parishioner*: Jewett's "A New Parishioner" appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* (51:475-493) in April 1883.

*Grandpa ... Uncle John*: Dr. William Perry (1788-1887) was Jewett's maternal grandfather. One of his grandsons was John T. Perry (1832-1901), who married Sarah Chandler (1833-1897). Technically, however, he would be Jewett's cousin, but 17 years older.

*A Little Pilgrim*: Given the date of this letter, from among many similar titles available at the time, this is likely to be *The Little Pilgrim in the Unseen* (1882) by Scottish author Margaret Oliphant Wilson Oliphant (1828-1897). In the preface, Mrs. Oliphant writes: "The sympathetic

reader will easily understand that the following pages were never meant to be connected with any author's name. They sprang out of those thoughts that arise in the heart, when the door of the Unseen has been suddenly opened close by us; and are little more than a wistful attempt to follow a gentle soul which never knew doubt into the New World, and to catch a glimpse of something of its glory through her simple and child-like eyes."

*Edwards*: Jonathan Edwards (1703 -1758) was an American Puritan preacher and Congregationalist Protestant theologian.

*Miss Adams's ... Berlin:* Miss Adams is the eldest sister of Annie Adams Fields, Sarah Holland Adams (1823-1916). She moved to Europe after her mother's death in 1877, where she settled in Germany and became a translator into English of the works of Hermann Grimm.

*(Lawson)*: This and most other parentheses on this letter appear to have been added in pencil and in another hand. This one, however, is in dark ink.

*Ida*: While Jewett could be referring to Ida, the sister of her friend Ellen Mason, or to another correspondent, Ida Agassiz Higginson, it is more likely in this case that she refers to Annie Fields's niece, Ida Gertrude Beal. See Annie Fields in Key to Correspondents.

*Mrs. Stowe*: In *Atlantic Monthly* 50 (December 1882 Supplement), "The Birthday Garden Party to Harriet Beecher Stowe," Annie Fields contributed a poem (p. 9) , written in Europe, to the collection of tributes offered to American author Harriet Beecher Stowe (June 14, 1811 1896) upon her 70th birthday.

Birds were singing in the trees;
Summer was abroad as now,
With her troop of murmuring bees,
And blossoms ‘round her brow,
When, seventy years ago, there came
A little child to view the land,
Who found a torch with lighted flame
Made ready to her hand.
Fearless she held the fiery tongue
Close to her white and tender breast;
When lo! the pain became a song
And prayers for the oppressed.
Mother of a new-born race,
Daughter of a race to be,
Regent through the boundless space
Of sad humanity!
Is there realm to vie with thine,
Whither mortals may aspire?
Torch of love, the flame divine,
Hath called thee ever higher.
Who has taught the seer to know
Sorrow that was not her own!
Who has made her face to glow
Glad for another's crown!
But by home fires, when day is done,
Charming young and soothing old,
Dearest laurels you have won,
While hearth-stones have grown cold.
Friend, how calm your sunset days!
Your peaceful eyes are set on heaven,
For peace upon the promise stays,—
Who loves much is forgiven.

*box)*: The manuscript is unclear as to how parenthesis marks are distributed and by which hand in this marginal passage.

*Susan Travers — )*: Susan B. Travers. Key to Correspondents.

*Thy Friend*: John Greenleaf Whittier. Key to Correspondents.

Given that Jewett adds pages to this letter that repeat the note about Whittier, it is not clear that this penciled material is in her own hand.

The poet's brother, Matthew Franklin Whittier (1812-1883), died on 7 January 1883.

*Ephesus*: St. Paul mentions his struggle with these beasts in the Bible, 1 Corinthians 15:32. Whittier repeats the phrase in *Anti-Slavery Poems*, in his satirical "Letter from a Missionary of the Episcopal Church South, in Kansas, to a Distinguished Politician." There, the beasts represent abolitionists. His book collects anti-slavery poems from 1848 to 1886. See Whittier's letter to Jewett of 12 October 1882.

*poppy*: The revisions at the beginning of this sentence are done in pencil and may be in another hand. Though this is not certain, it is possible the poppies are from Celia Thaxter, who made a specialty of cultivating many varieties. Key to Correspondents.

*T Whittier*: This penciled note is in another hand.

*Frökin*: In Norwegian and Swedish, when spelled Fröken, this translates as "Miss" as in Miss Jewett.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [ n.d. ] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-

1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields**

63 Mt Vernon St.

[ *Late November 1882* ]*

My dear Friend

I was glad to get thy letter — as I always am. And I thank thee for thy kind invitation. I am not sure that I can stay in Boston much longer, as I have some matters that pressingly require my attention in Amesbury; but I shall see you both* soon. I took cold in the rough weather of this week, and am not quite as well as I could wish.

[ *Page 2* ]

I am glad Sarah Jewett is coming back. She is fresh, natural, lovable — her rare intellectual gifts combined with a delightful simplicity. She is always a pleasant surprise to one. It pleases me to think of you together.

I got the pamphlet of A [ *unrecognized letter* ] Meyer in reply to Gov Butler* last night & frantically read it, but when I went to take it up this morning it was missing, with all the folks — Gov C. & wife, Mrs Ellis, & Mrs Freeland & the young president {of}

[ *Page 3* ]

Wellesley College* — to help me I have been looking for it, & turning the house topsy turvy to find, but all is in vain. I hope thee have read it. I saw enough of it to like it last night. I am very sorry for the ~~loss~~ ^loss^ of it, and own my carelessness. I hope it will not trouble thee.

I am somewhat disappointed by the vote on the Suffrage question.* It should be a lesson to us not to trust to political platforms. A great many republicans declined to vote for it or against it. They thought the leaders of the Suffrage movement, had

[ *Page 4* ]

thrown themselves into the hands of Butler & the Democrats. However, it is only one of those set-backs which all reforms must have — temporary but rather discouraging.

I trust S.J. will be with thee today. I do not like to think of thee alone. Ever affectionately thy old friend

John G Whittier

**Notes**

*Late November 1882*: This date is speculative. Huntington Library archivists have tentatively placed this letter in 1884. However, Whittier's seeming recommendation of Sarah Orne Jewett as a companion to Fields suggests that the letter comes from early in the close friendship between Fields and Jewett, which began in 1881.

Mentioning Governor Butler indicates that the letter must have been written after Butler was first elected Massachusetts governor in November of 1882.

This manuscript has a penciled "9" at the top center of page 1, and a penciled "X" appears in the left margin of page 3 at the beginning of the new paragraph.

*63 Mt Vernon St*: This was the home of former Massachusetts governor, William Claflin. See Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin in Key to Correspondents.

*both*: Whittier addresses both Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*Butler*: Democrat, Benjamin Franklin Butler (1818-1893) served as Governor of Massachusetts during 1883. The pamphlet to which Whittier refers has not been identified.

*Mrs Ellis, & Mrs Freeland & the young president {of} Wellesley College*: For Emma Ellis, Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin's daughter from her first marriage, Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Freeland remains as yet unknown. She may be related to Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin, whose mother was Mary Sophia Freeland (1802-1868).

The young president of Wellesley College is Alice Freeman Palmer (1855-1902), who was president 1881-1887. She was appointed at the age of 26.

*Suffrage question*: During the early 1880s, women's suffrage was considered often in various state legislatures as well as in referendums. Usually, the measure lost. The specific instance to which Whittier refers is not yet known.

That Governor Butler supported suffrage in Massachusetts points to a possible 1883 or 1884 date for this letter, as there were votes on the issue in those years by the Massachusetts legislature. See the New York *Times*, 14 March, 1884, p. 1.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4667.

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**John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields**

First Day 12th [ *1882* ]*

Dear Annie Fields

The lost is found; and now I hope thee will venture to trust me once more. I think I was never, however, very reliable and the years, as in the case of Sheridan's grandmother's ghost,* have "improved me the wrong way.{"}

Do thee not pity Wiggin?*

I shall have to leave Boston by Thursday; I shall be sorry to go.

[ *Page 2* ]

It has been so pleasant to be near you, and to see you occasionally. How shall I thank you for your kindness? With love to Sarah,* ever affectionately thy friend

John G. Whittier

**Notes**

*First Day 12th [ 1882* ]: This date is tentative. It is not clear which month Whittier has written — assuming he means to indicate the month, as is customary with him, rather than the day of the month. Huntington Library archivists have read it as 11 or November and have placed the letter tentatively in 1884. For the month, Whittier may have written 10, 11 or 12. To me, it looks more like 12.

This letter seems to follow upon another, tentatively dated in 1882, in which Whittier reports losing a pamphlet sent to him by Fields, while he was staying with the William Claflin family (Whittier to Fields of Late November 1882).

As the notes to this and the late November letter indicate, 1882 is a possible year for this pair of letters.

*Sheridan's grandmother's ghost*: This allusion remains mysterious. R. B. Pickard, in his index to Whittier's letters, assumes — almost certainly correctly — that Whittier refers to the grandmother of British playwright and politician Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816). Indeed, Elizabeth Sheridan is described by biographers as a termagant in life. However, no source has been located for her appearing as a ghost and for anyone commenting that her transformation had improved her for the worse.

Whittier refers to this quotation in several letters throughout his life, and he complicates matters by writing of President Andrew Jackson in a letter of October 1833 to Jonathan Law: "I am inclined to think age has 'improved him,' as death did Sheridan's fat friar 'in the wrong way'." (*The Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*, v. 1). No source has yet been located for a fat friar who was made the worse by dying.

To add more complication, an internet search yields more than one author attributing the quotation to French playwright Jean-Baptiste Poquelin (Molière) (1622-1673), for example, Eugene Marion Antrim in *The Greatest Things in Religion* (1910) p. 22.

*Wiggin*: Whittier may have written "Wiggins." This reference also is uncertain. One might expect him to refer to American author and educator Kate Douglas Smith (1856-1923), who married Samuel Bradley Wiggin in 1881, and — in consequence — had to give up her career as an educator. However, these events took place in California, and she did not begin publishing fiction until 1883 and did not return to the East until 1888. Though she eventually became acquainted with Fields and Jewett, there is no evidence that Whittier knew her.

A more likely possibility is Judge Joseph Furnald Wiggin (1838-1906) of Exeter and Malden, MA. However, no information has yet been discovered to confirm that Whittier refers to him. See Daniel P. Toomey, *Massachusetts Today* (1892) p. 420.

*Sarah*: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4655.

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**John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields**

Wednesday* [ *unrecognized word* ]

[ *6 December 1882* ]*

Dear Mrs Fields

The Lion of Lucerne* is looking down upon me — a reminder of the sacredness of duty — and that the true man can afford any loss, better than that of honor & fidelity.

I have read with renewed interest the paper of R. D. Owen.* I had a long talk with him years ago on the subject. He was a very noble and good man: and I was terribly indignant when he was so deceived by the pretended materializer "Katie King". I could never quite believe in "materialization", and

[ *Page 2* ]

had reason to know that much of it was fraudulent. It surely argues a fathomless depth of depravity to trifle with the yearning love of those who have lost dear ones, & "long for the touch of any vanished hand."*

Mrs Thaxter* told me something of your session on Saturday. I shall hope to hear more when I see thee. I have been rather unwell, & greatly anxious about my dear brother* who suffers sadly without hope of relief. Happy are they to whom the Solemn Angel comes

[ *Page 3* ]

unannounced & quietly, & who are mercifully spared a long baptism of suffering!

I hope the Cambridge star-gazers will not be wholly disappointed this dark, cloudy morning. I think there are indications of clearing up in season for the Transit.*

When will our dear Sarah Jewett* be with thee? I wish she would come for thy sake, —— and mind.

Ever affectionately & gratefully thy frd

John G. Whittier

**Notes**

*6 December 1882*: This date is confirmed by Whittier mentioning the Transit of Venus, which occurred on Wednesday 6 December 1882.

There are several penciled marks on this manuscript, in addition to the identifying archive number. The date and greeting are crossed out. An "X" appears in the left margin of page 1, next to the line containing R. D. Owen's name. The first sentence of the paragraph on page 2 that begins "Mrs Thaxter told me" is crossed out, and there is a rough "x" in the left margin next to that sentence. Also on page 2, a short line appears between the final two sentences, before "Happy are they ...", and another "X" appears in the left margin next to that final sentence. Finally, a line is drawn down the 3rd page through all but the final paragraph.

*Lion of Lucerne*: A stone relief monument in Lucerne, Switzerland, commemorating the Swiss guards of the French royal family, massacred in 1792, during the French Revolution.

*R. D. Owen*: Robert Dale Owen (1801-1877) was a Scottish immigrant to the United States, who became a politician, notable for his work in establishing the Smithsonian Institution. Like his father, Robert Owen, a textile manufacturer, he was a utopian, who in later life became a spiritualist. For an account of Owen's experiences of the materializations of "Katie King," see Amy Lehman, *Victorian Women and the Theatre of Trance* (2014), Chapter 13.

"*any vanished hand*": Though these words have been quoted and paraphrased repeatedly in both prose and verse, almost certainly Whittier refers to Alfred Lord Tennyson's poem, "Break, Break, Break" (1835, 1842), the penultimate stanza:

> And the stately ships go on
> To their haven under the hill;
> But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!

Whittier may have written "a vanished hand" or "any vanished hand." His handwriting in this letter is more than usually hurried.

*Mrs Thaxter*: Celia Thaxter. Key to Correspondents.

*brother*: Whittier's brother, Matthew, died on 7 January 1883.

*Transit*: A Transit of Venus occurred on Wednesday 6 December 1882.

*Sarah Jewett*: Sarah Orne Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4658.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier**
Fragment

South Berwick

8 December

[ *1882* ]*

My dear Friend

I have been writing you letters ever since I came home but the postmen wouldn't carry them

because I forgot the ink and paper! One of the reasons that are hurrying me back to Boston is that I wish so much to see you — There are so many things to talk about and when I think that

[ *Page 2* ]

I have only seen you about twenty minutes since last April, I lose my patience entirely —

I mean to go to Charles St — week after next in good season for Christmas, and I shall be so glad to be with my dear A. F.* again. I must confess that I felt as 'stray' as a dropped kitten without her at first — and I miss her every day — but we shall be doing things together before long and I dont doubt that

[ *Page 3* ]

we shall rush out of the front door the minute we catch sight of each other, having caught up the first red-covered book we can find for a guide book, and perhaps we shall make straight for Bunker Hill monument* for I never have climbed to the top {of} it yet as all good New Englanders ought to do —

I haven't much to tell you, for nothing has happened to me but a bad cold, and I have made up my mind ^not^ to have either a cold or the rheumatism again for many years. I have

[ *Page 4* ]

been busy writing, but I dont like very well what I have done — by the time I get to the last of a story a cloud [ *deletion* ] seems to cover it, and it seems painted in very dull colours. I am going to write as fast as I can after I get to Boston, but I am used to doing my work here, and so, for fear the experiment shouldn't be successful or I should be too much tempted to play I am writing all I can before I start —

It has been so pleasant to be at home again and Mary* and I have such*

[ *Page 5* ]

3

Companionship of birds and trees —
The years have proved your friendship
strong;
You share each other's memories.
The river's secret and its song
And legends of the countryside:
The eagles take their journeys long.
The great trees wait in noble pride
For messages from hills and seas.
I hear a story that you tell
In idleness of summer days:
A singer that the world knows well
To you again in boyhood strays;
Within the stillness of your shade
He rests where flickering sunlight plays,
And sees the nests the eagles made,
And wonders at the distant bell.

**Notes**

1882: That Jewett has hardly seen Whittier since the previous April and her joking about touring with Annie Fields supports the probability that this letter is from 1882, when Jewett and Fields were in Europe from May to October.

*A.F.*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Bunker Hill monument*: An obelisk in Charlestown, MA that commemorates the Battle of Bunker Hill on 17 June 1775. Wikipedia.

*Mary*: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*such*: The letter manuscript breaks off at this point. The next page presents two stanza's from Jewett's "The Eagle Trees: to J.G.W." which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in March 1883. While this page is associated with this letter in the files of the Phillips Library, it is possible that it actually belongs with a letter to Whittier of 16 May 1882, in which Jewett says she is sending him a copy of this poem.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Phillips Library at Peabody Essex Museum / Phillips Library, Salem, MA. A previous transcription by Richard Cary appears in "'Yours Always Lovingly': Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier," *Essex Institute Historical Collections* 107 (1971): 412-50. New transcription and notes.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Francis Jackson Garrison**

[ *December 1882* ]*

Dear Mr. Garrison

I enclose this note which has a message for H. M. & Co — I thought it was best to let the story be reprinted in the little

[ *Page 2* ]

paper — I have been asked for it before, and from other quarters, and they might be right in

thinking that it will do some good in reaching that special audience —

Yours sincerely

S. O. Jewett

[ *Page 3* ]

Do not take the trouble to return the letter —

**Notes**

*1882*: Richard Cary says that the story Jewett mentions *may* be "Jack's Merry Christmas," *Independent* 33 (15 December 1881), 31-32. The "little paper" then would be the *Maine Sentinel* (Biddeford), where the story was reprinted on 2 January 1883.

Though plausible, this speculation seems unlikely. Why would Jewett forward to Houghton Mifflin a note from someone about reprinting a story that appeared in the *Independent*, which was not a Houghton Mifflin publication? It would seem more likely that Jewett refers to a story published in *Atlantic Monthly* and then reprinted. Two such stories appear in her known bibliography:

"Going to Shrewsbury" *Atlantic*, July 1889 and in *The Hartford Courant*, 31 August 1889;

"The Queen's Twin" *Atlantic* February 1899 and in *The Outlook* (weekly) (67,8: 455-459), 23 February 1901.

However, neither reprint is in what might be considered a little paper with a "special audience." The *Courant* was the most read newspaper in Connecticut, and *The Outlook*, which began with a relatively limited audience, was by 1900, according to Wikipedia, a leading American magazine of news and opinion.

My hypothesis is that current Jewett bibliography remains incomplete, that Jewett authorized a reprint of one of her *Atlantic* stories in a publication not yet known, perhaps a paper issued by a fund-raising fair, which would not have been unusual for her. If that is correct, then this letter cannot be dated. She could have given this permission anytime between 1882 and 1909.

However, Cary may have had knowledge he did not share in his notes, and I have nothing more concrete to offer. Therefore, I have accepted his date with reservations.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Richard Cary included his transcription in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters.* New transcription and notes.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Mr. Richardson**

[ *9 December 1882* ]*

My dear Mr. Richardson

I send you a little story for young people which I think you may use in one of the numbers 'after Christmas' as I suppose the Christmas number itself is quite made up — It will make ~~something over~~ about three pages of Atlantic print.

Yours sincerely

S. O. Jewett

South Berwick, Maine

9 December —

**Notes**

*1882*: This letter presents puzzles regarding its recipient and date. Here is some speculation about these puzzles.

Jewett's short story for young readers, "After Christmas," appeared in *The Independent* (34:27-8) on December 28, 1882. I am assuming that this letter refers to that story. However, no record has been discovered of a Mr. Richardson accepting manuscripts at *The Independent*. In fact, had Jewett sent this letter to *The Independent*, it almost certainly would have gone to her old friend, William Hayes Ward; Key to Correspondents.

In the letter, Jewett implies that she is sending the manuscript to *Atlantic Monthly*; however, no record has been discovered of a Mr. Richardson accepting manuscripts at *Atlantic*. Furthermore, *Atlantic Monthly* did <u>not</u> publish fiction for young readers, and by December 9, the "Christmas number" of *Atlantic* would have been on the news stand for as much as two weeks. It seems unlikely that Jewett would have considered submitting the story to *Atlantic*, and if she had, she almost certainly would have sent it to someone she knew well, such as Thomas Bailey Aldrich; Key to Correspondents. Perhaps her reference to *Atlantic* is meant to remind a different magazine editor that she often publishes there or merely to indicate how brief it is.

If, as seems likely, Jewett sent this story out on 9 December of 1882, and it was published a few weeks later, it probably was accepted by Mr. Richardson. This would indicate that despite the

lack of confirmation, Richardson was indeed employed at the *Independent*.

But it is possible that Jewett sent the story to another publication and received an immediate rejection and then submitted it to the *Independent*. During 1881-1883, Jewett published work for younger readers in *The Independent* (3 items), *Harper's Young People* (2 items), and one item each in *The Congregationalist, Wide Awake,* and *St. Nicholas*.

During this period, only *The Independent* and *The Congregationalist* were weeklies that might yet squeeze her story into a Christmas number, and of these, *The Congregationlist* was edited by Charles Addison Richardson (1829-1891) during 1856-1891. See *Memorial Biographies of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, Towne Memorial Fund*. pp. 33-4. Jewett published a total of 3 pieces there in 1882.

Of course, little may be concluded from these observations at this point. A reasonable scenario would show Jewett sending the story to *The Congregationalist*, which quickly rejected it, allowing her to resubmit to *The Independent*, which accepted and quickly published it.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Smith College, in the Miscellaneous Manuscript Collection, Mortimer Rare Book Room.

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**John Greenleaf Whittier to Sarah Orne Jewett**

Hotel Winthrop*

12 Mo 10 [ *1882* ]

My dear friend

It was good of thee in the midst of thy work to write me. I should have written thee before this, but was looking for thee to come here any day. My time has been fully

[ *Page 2* ]

occupied — the extreme illness of my brother has kept me all the time anxious, and ^nearly^ all the world has been writing letters to me, & the rest have been calling upon me; and, like Halleck's Fanny,* I was younger once than I am now, and better able to contend with interviewers and other "wild beasts of Ephesus."* The occasion{-}

[ *Page 3* ]

al sight of Annie Fields* and a few other dear friends, is my sole relief. I shall be glad when that most pleasant face of thine once more is visible in Boston.

God bless thee ever & ever! Don't try to write me, for this hurried note is not worth it.

Affec

John G. Whittier

**Notes**

*Hotel Winthrop*: Richard Cary notes: "The Winthrop Hotel on Bowdoin Street in Boston was a frequent retreat for Mrs. Thaxter when the winters on the Isles of Shoals became too rigorous. Whittier spent the winter of 1882-1883 at the hotel to be near his dying brother." Cary also says:

> Matthew Franklin Whittier (1812-1883), never a robust man, spent his middle years in Portland, [ ME, ] then took a position in the Boston Custom House. He published a series of caustically humorous anti-slavery letters under a pseudonym. At this time John wrote to Miss Jewett: "My brother has been very ill, but is now somewhat, though I fear not permanently, better. The last of our family, he is a kind, unselfish man, whose way of life has been hard and difficult." (Pickard, II, 676).

*Halleck's Fanny*: Fitz-Greene Halleck (1790-1867) was "an American poet notable for his satires and as one of the Knickerbocker Group." His longest poem was "Fanny" (1819). It opens, "Fanny was younger once than she is now / And prettier of course...."

*"wild beasts of Ephesus"*: St. Paul mentions his struggle with these beasts in the Bible, 1 Corinthians 15:32. Whittier repeats the phrase in his *Anti-Slavery Poems*, in his satirical "Letter from a Missionary of the Episcopal Church South, in Kansas, to a Distinguished Politician." There, the beasts represent abolitionists. His book collects anti-slavery poems from 1848 to 1886.

Probably Whittier was receiving so much attention in part because his 75th birthday was coming on 17 December.

*Annie Fields*: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the South Berwick Public Library, South Berwick, ME. Transcription by John Richardson.

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**Celia Thaxter to Annie Adams Fields** [ *1882* ]

Dec. 14th

[ *1882* ]*

Dearest:

You seem so far! & time gallops away & I am half distraught with steady effort & accomplish what I have promised to do. Today came another order from Buffalo, & a telegram for a [ book *?* ], from Whitinsville* — did you ever hear such a name!

Dear I'm so* tired I dont know what to do! I'm thankful you have put out a hand to my poor Karl — he seems

[ *Page 2* ]

so glad at the prospect of trying — I fear he is a little dismayed with his machine but I say nothing — My poor dear Roland is [ miserably *?* ] at [ Kut *? perhaps meaning Kittery Point* ] — I feel so anxious —

God bless you my darling Annie — pardon scrawl 'tis only to say I love and think of you [ constantly *?* ]

Your C.

**Notes**

*1882*: This date is speculative, but the choice is supported by Thaxter's reports on her sons. Karl, her eldest and disabled son, was at this time developing his invention for enlarging photographs. Her youngest son, Roland, had surgery on a severely injured knee in November of 1882 and, presumably, was recovering at home when he would rather have been completing academic work at Harvard.

*Whitinsville*: An unincorporated village within the town of Northbridge in Worcester County, south central Massachusetts. Thaxter was likely hand-illustrating copies of books, usually of her own poetry, that were ordered as Christmas gifts.

*so*: Thaxter has underlined this word twice.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University MS Am 1743, Box 7 item 321a. III Letters to Annie Adams Fields. 4 letters from Celia Thaxter.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Anna Laurens Dawes**

South Berwick

12 December

My dear Anna

Thank you so much for your letter — It seemed a great while since I had heard from you, but I dare say it was my fault for I was so bad about writing letters before I went away — and indeed I am afraid I am not much better now!

There are so many things to do nowadays!

[ *Page 2* ]

and I am so busy since I came home — but I dont find that a lack of thinking about ones friends follows a lack of writing them letters —

I need not tell you how glad I am to be at home again — it never seemed pleasanter here in Berwick, but I shall leave it for all that, and go down to

[ *Page 3* ]

Boston soon — I am shut up in the house too much in a country winter and I am so much stronger and better now that I want to keep so ——

I had a most lovely summer — I don't think I ever can tell anybody how much I enjoyed it — but strange to say I hadn't a bit of a desire to stay over this winter as most of my

[ *Page 4* ]

friends prophesied —

Mary* is very well and we are enjoying so much these few weeks we are having together. She would send her love if she [ knew *corrected* ] I am sending you a letter — I should think you would enjoy a winter in Pittsfield very much!

Shall you not be ~~down~~ in Boston by and by? I am always to be heard of at 148 Charles St* — and I hope

[ *Up the left and across the top margins of page 1* ]

I shall see you — I shall make no apologies for this very dull little letter but I didn't want to wait any longer before sending an answer for your kind welcome home —

Yours sincerely and affectionately, SOJ

**Notes**

*Mary*: Mary Rice Jewett. Key to Correspondents.

*Charles St*: This was the address of Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Jewett traveled in Europe with Fields during several months in 1882, and from this year forward divided her time between South Berwick and Boston.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Library of Congress, in the Henry L. Dawes papers, 1833-1933. Box 32, Dawes, Anna Laurens, her correspondence and other papers, 1850-1925**.** An annotated transcription appears in C. Carroll Hollis, "Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett to Anna Laurens Dawes,*" Colby Library Quarterly* No. 3 (1968): 97-138. New transcription and notes.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Thomas Bailey Aldrich**

[ *Christmas 1882* ]*

My dear Duke*

Before entering upon my engagement for the holidays in London I took a little vacation and went down into Italy, from whence I brought this little flask.

= It has served to remind me of many a charming feast in that lovely

[ *Page 2* ]

country — and as I cannot bear to see it grow dingy with the smoke of a London winter I send it to you with my dear love and best Christmas wishes. I wish it were the proper thing to be filled with Amontillado sherry, and that I could claim to be Dolores —*

I caught a glimpse

[ *Page 3* ]

of you late in the summer, as I went down Piccadilly in a hansom — but although I retraced the horse's steps ~~and~~ ^at^ once, and spoke unkindly to the cabby, I could not find you in the hurrying crowd — Alas you were with <u>A</u>nother.* But I am

Always your fond and true

S. Martinot.

**Notes**

*Christmas 1882*: This date is speculative. If Jewett actually bought the Christmas gift flask in Italy, as she claims, then it would seem probable that she gives it to Aldrich at the holiday after her return from her first trip to Italy, in 1882. However, she visited Italy again in 1892, 1898, and 1900, and this letter could be from one of those years.

*Duke*: Among their close friends, the Aldriches were nicknamed the Duke and Duchess of Ponkapog. Key to Correspondents.

*Dolores*: Jewett alludes to Aldrich's poem, "Amontillado" (c. 1865) in which the speaker drinks Amontillado sherry brought to him by the busy, pretty waitress Dolores, the "Wild-rose of Granada," Spain. See *Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich*, pp. 253-5.

This allusion and other clues in the letter confirm what may not be clear upon first reading, that this letter is "fictional," in the following ways:

Jewett never spent the Christmas holidays in London;

Her name was not S. Martinot, though this was Aldrich's affectionate nickname for her, after the famous American and singer, Sarah Frances Marie Martinot (1861-1923). Key to Correspondents.

However, Jewett *had* traveled to Italy in 1882, so the flask she sends may actually have been purchased at that time.

<u>*A*</u>*nother*: In the manuscript, Jewett underlines the A three times.

Presumably, she refers to Mrs. Aldrich, but it is possible that she also refers to Aldrich's poem.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Baily Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields**

Tuesday evening

[ *26 December 1882* ]

My dear T.L.*

I am glad you liked the letters for I am so fond of them. Nothing that ever happens afterward could take away the happy memory of these first months — that year at least when I had so much real pleasure with Miss Preston.* I have always told you that, I think, and I felt it [ more *corrected* ] than ever the other day when I found the package of her letters — When I am reading them I am ready

[ *Page 2* ]

to say it was I who ought to have been blamed ———

She used to be so charmingly kind and sympathetic and was always making little plans for us. I have always had a lingering hope that I should be with her some where, sometime or other and we should be friends again, and I would make her tell me what the matter was. [ *3 and a half deleted lines* ] (( I'm not to be silly! ))*

[ *Page 3* ]

— Darling — you are not to be worried about me for I shall get on very well, and I really feel much better tonight. I have begun to take heart about the stories too which have seemed very despairing. Pin to be a good girl now, for never saw anybody so good as T.L. is! It is all on account of the swan quill pen! Pin to borrow the pen for a day or two? (Pin! dont you dare!) Pin is been reading Froude's Essay on Calvinism* — she readed a page and half and then

[ *Page 4* ]

she was moved to think about a story to be called The Harbour Farm.* Doesn't that sound well? Tomorrow, oh please Pin dont [ *deleted letters* ] have anything the matter with you — and write that nice new story — and see if it wont be a good one — The New Parishioner* was ever so many pages long, nearly a hundred [ *in extra small script* but he was so stupid that Pin is ] [ *in extra large script* going to throw him away! ] [ *in extra small script* He was a bad man but he needn't have been so stupid. ] Miss Lydia Dunn is very good in the story — Perhaps I will bring the story and we will read it — [ but *corrected or deleted?* ] think we can do something with it —

[ *Up the left margin and then across the top margin of page 1* ]

Good night my darling my darling. I wish I could get hold of you, but Pin to be very good. I went out for a little while and gave away some of my presents and peoples were so pleased. Pin had a beautiful time with her neighbours. Pin to feel even better tomorrow and T.L. not think about her except to love her — Always your Pinny —

**Notes**

*26 December 1882*: Jewett seems to be working with Fields upon a problematic story, "The New Parishioner," which appeared in April 1883. See the notes below.

*T. L.*: Nickname for Annie Fields. Key to Correspondents.

*Miss Preston*: Harriet Waters Preston. Key to Correspondents. Paula Blanchard in *Sarah Orne Jewett*, indicates that the cause of the break between Jewett and her early mentor remains unknown, and that the relationship never was mended (pp. 108-9).

*silly!))*: The inside parentheses appear to be Jewett's; the outer marks are in pencil and probably in another hand.

*Froude's Essay on Calvinism*: "Calvinism: An Address Delivered at St. Andrew's" (1871) by English historian and biographer of Thomas Carlyle, James Anthony Froude (1818-1894).

*The Harbour Farm*: Jewett is not known to have published a story of this title, and it is not obvious that any of her published stories from 1883 or 1884 might easily have taken this title. Perhaps she was beginning to think of her 1885 novel, *A Marsh Island*.

*Parishioner*: Jewett's "A New Parishioner" appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* (51:475-493) in April 1883. Lydia Dunn is the protagonist.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [ n.d. ] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Lillian May Munger**

148 Charles St. Boston

26 December [ *1882* ]*

Dear Lily

I cant forgive myself for forgetting to send you this little cravat in time for Christmas but my excuse is that I came to town a few days ago and I have been scurrying [ *unrecognized word* ] days at once. I got the cravat in Rome and I thought it would be becoming to such a fair friend as you. Besides

[ *Page 2* ]

I wished you to have a bit of my small gleaning out of so great a harvest{.}

I have been hoping that I should hear from you to write soon for I wish to know how the school gets on and how you get on. I wish I could see you!

In a hurry yours lovingly

S.O.J.

**Notes**

*1882*: This date seems likely, as Jewett says she has recently been in Rome. Her first trip, with Annie Adams Fields, was in the spring and summer of 1882.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

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**Celia Thaxter to Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields**

[ *26 December 1882* ]*

Dear Flower & owl:*

So sorry I missed you yesterday! And thanks for the dear tulip in the paint water! & all the flowers — & everything — & this dear thing I am writing on is the preciousest, [ delightfulest *corrected* ] charmingest, usefulest [ heavenliest *corrected* ] thing ever was! & I want to sleep with it nights, I love it so!

Hope to see you soon — Was at Iolanth* yester. aft. { — } when are we going together, owl? — When? when? - Say! Queek, Quack, [ Quay *?* ]!

Your

[ *signed with a stick drawing of a sandpiper* ]

**Notes**

*1882*: The date comes from the cancellation of this letter, addressed to Mrs James T. Fields & Miss S. Jewett, 148 Charles St. Boston Mass.

The MS consists of a single sheet, with the letter on one side. It was folded, and then addressed, stamped and cancelled on the outside.

*owl*: Thaxter's nickname for Jewett.

*Iolanthe*: *Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri* (1882) is a comic opera by Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert. After premiering in London, a touring production opened in Boston in December 1882, the first performance at the new Bijou Theater.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Boston Public Library, Rare Books Department, Celia Thaxter correspondence with Annie Fields, 1869-1893, MS C.1.38 Box 2 Folder 3 (191-209).

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**Horace Howard Furness to Sarah Orne Jewett**

[ *Letterhead* ]

Willingford,

Delaware County,

Pennsylvania

[ *End letterhead* ]

[ *27 December 1882* ]*

Dear Miss Jewett,

Thanks deep and abiding for this copy of Fitzgerald's 'Readings ~~fr~~ in Crabbe.'* It is exceedingly kind in you to send it to me. But when did you ever promise it? Can it be really so? I

[ *Page 2* ]

[ I *repeated* ] have utterly and absolutely forgotten it. And now terror strikes my soul that I must have promised you something at the same time. Did I? I adjure you to tell me! If you refuse, my peace in this world is gone, and there is naught before me

[ *Page 3* ]

[ me *repeated* ] but slavering idiocy or a suicide's grave.

The value of this little book has a three-fold blazon: it comes from you; it is Fitzgerald's work; and long years ago, before Omar's fame was spread, I pleaded for half an hour with old Lippincott* to publish it. For some reason, Fitzgerald was [ anxious *?* ] to publish ~~some~~ ^a^ book in

[ *Page 4* ]

[ in *repeated* ] America, and especially this selection from Crabbe. I think it is probable that at that time no English publisher would assume the whole expense of such a venture. At any rate Lippincott would not, and there the thing remained!

May every day of the coming year be filled for you with 'fair thoughts and happy hours!'*

And thus, dear Miss Jewett, I am

cordially and gratefully yours

Horace Howard Furnefs

27 December

**Notes**

*1882*: This choice of a date is supported by the publication that year of Fitzgerald's *Readings in Crabbe*. See note below.

*Crabbe*: British poet, Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883), is best remembered as the translator of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* (1859). Fitzgerald's last book was *Readings in Crabbe* (1882), concerning the British poet, physician and clergyman, George Crabbe (1754-1832). Wikipedia.

*Lippincott*: Joshua Ballinger Lippincott (1813-1886) was the founder of J. B. Lippincott & Co., a Philadelphia publishing firm. Wikipedia.

*happy hours*: See British playwright William Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* III,iv.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Furness, Horace Howard, 1833-1912 (71).

This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

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**Thomas Bailey Aldrich to Sarah Orne Jewett**

[ *Begin letterhead* ]

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF

The Atlantic Monthly,

BOSTON.

[ *End letterhead* ]

[ *Date added to the right of the letterhead* ]

Dec 30 ' ' , 1882.

Dear Miss Sadie:*

[ Here *corrected* ] is the cheque for "A New Parishioner."

I quite feel as if I am making you a Christmas present.

Ever yours,

T. B. Aldrilch.

**Notes**

*Sadie*: Aldrich uses his affectionate nickname, "Sadie Martinot." Key to Correspondents.

*A New Parishioner*: Jewett's story appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in April 1883.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. bMS Am 1743 (4).

This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

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**John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields** Fragment

[ Monday *?* ] morning

[ *1882-1883* ]*

My dear friend

In the brief but delightful visit of thyself & dear Sarah Jewett* yesterday, I did not have time to explain about the "Sparhawk* problem!". Dr. S. was a descendant on his father's side of Sir Wm Pepperell, & Sir Wm Sparhawk; on his mother's of Col [ Humphrey's *so written* ] Washington's friend & Secretary. He [ practiced *corrected* ] for 25 or 30 years in Amesbury. — — one of the purest [ heart *?* ], most Christ-like of men. He had a large practice, but

[ *Page 2* ]

his peculiar religious vision made it impossible for him to accumulate property. He had the love of everybody. I think I told Sarah of his two old aunts & a cousin, tall erect, graceful old women — whom he supported, — learned, skilled in embroidery and half the modern languages but otherwise utterly incapable. His wife was a Scotch lady daughter of Dr. Campbell a famous physician of the aristocratic class, near Edinburgh. He died some eight or ten years ago. The people of Amesbury & Salisbury erected a beautiful monument of granite to his memory, with the inscription "The beloved physician"{.}

[ *Page 3* ]

He left his daughters Lucy & Fanny and an adopted daughter whose father was his cousin Col Sparhawk of Kittery. All are well educated. Lucy is capable in household matters though not very strong. Fanny graduated at [ Ipswich *?* ] at the head of the school; she taught school for a

time in Newburyport, but I think was not quite efficient in discipline though her scholarly qualifications were excellent. ~~Dr~~ She is a thoroughly good & conscientious girl. She engaged herself for a year as a governess, in a family near Boston, and I obtained for her a place in the Exeter N.H. Female Seminary,* but she thought she could not accept it because her year was not yet out — and so lost the chance! — she then tried authorship but thus far without success. Though she occasionally gets something from the "Cottage Hearth". Dr Bowditch* & myself

[ *Page 4* ]

have done all in our power for the family. They have a house in [ Newbury *?* ] but heavily mortgaged, the rent of which pays the taxes & interest on the mortgage leaves little or nothing for them. The house they occupy is also mortgaged{.} Jenny the adopted daughter I think has some [ schooling *?* ] in painting, &c. and their boarder — the invalid — I spoke of pays $6 or $7. per week.

As Dr B. has mentioned the case to thee, I have made this explanation of it. If thee know or hear of anything which Fanny could do, — as a teacher, or in a library, it would be a great relief to all of us. But I am half ashamed of myself for saying a word to thee about the matter. Thee have already got all the forlorn & incapable of Boston on thy shoulders, and why should I add another to thy burdens? If thee happen to meet Dr Bowditch

[ *Missing page or pages* ]

**Notes**

*1882-1883*: Huntington Library archivists have speculated an 1882 date for this letter, and that seems likely to be close. Whittier probably did not make this appeal for help before Fields and Jewett traveled to Europe in the spring and summer of 1882, mindful of Fields's grieving her husband's 1881 death. Whittier places Dr. Sparhawk's 1874 death "eight or ten years ago," indicating that he writes in 1884 or earlier. Whittier notes that at the time of this letter, Dr. Sparhawk's daughter, Frances, had not yet established herself as an author, though she had published. Her first novel, *A Lazy Man's Work*, appeared in 1881, but her publishing career did not blossom until 1884, as more of her work began to appear in periodicals and books. Her later work included *Whittier, the Poet and the Man* (1892).

*Sarah Jewett*: Key to Correspondents.

*Sparhawk*: Dr. Thomas Sparhawk (1806-1874) was much loved in Amesbury, his gravestone as Whittier reports erected by the community. His wife was Elizabeth Campbell Sparhawk (1817-1867). She may have been the daughter of the Scottish surgeon, John Campbell (1784-1867), who fits Whittier's description well, but she is not listed among his children at Find a Grave. See "Materials for a Genealogy of the Sparhawk Family in New England" (pp. 79-83).

Their surviving daughters were Lucy Sparhawk (1841-1893) and the author Frances Campbell Sparhawk (1847-1930). See also Wikipedia.

Their adopted daughter, Jenny, was Eunice Jane Sparhawk (1848-1915). Her father was Colonel George Sparhawk, who died in Kittery in 1857, with one surviving child, Eunice Jane. See "Materials for a Genealogy of the Sparhawk Family in New England," p. 78.

In his will, Whittier left $500 each to Lucy and Jenny.

The aunts and cousin whom Sparhawk supported have not yet been identified.

Whittier traces Sparhawk's ancestry to Sir William Pepperell (1696-1759), an American colonial merchant and soldier, whose daughter married into the Sparhawk family, and to David Humphreys (1752-1818), American Revolutionary War colonel who was General George Washington's *aide de camp*.

*Dr. Bowditch*: Dr. Henry I. Bowditch (1808-1892), Massachusetts physician and abolitionist.

*Female Seminary*: Exeter, NH was home to the Robinson Female Seminary, established in 1867.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 71-4669.

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**Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Langley***

[ *1882-3* ]*

Dear Mifs Langley:

I think you will find Mrs Castier's 10 Clarges St. Piccadilly — a most comfortable lodging house. We liked it very much, and so have some of our friends and I should be glad if you would say you are recommended by Mrs Fields & me — When we were in London for a day or two & wished to go to a hotel we thought the

[ *Page 2* ]

Royal Hotel — Blackfriars an excellent place. It is a ~~foreign~~ favored abiding place of foreigners but we liked it none the less. The prices were moderate and it is near Waterloo station if I remember right; at any rate we went from there to the continent with great ease. I send you a thousand good wishes for your journey — yrs sincerely

S. O. Jewett

**Notes**

*Langley*: Identifying Annie Langley is problematic. It seems probable that she was Annie Williams Langley Ciocca (1847-1931). Her brother was the American astronomer, physicist, inventor and aviation pioneer, Samuel Pierpont Langley (1834-1906). The *Baltimore Sun* of 9 March 1906 reports on the filing of his will for probate, noting that Anne W. Ciocca was to share with his brother, John, and two others, the "residue" of his property after specific bequests were made. Her family resided in the Boston area, and she seems to have lived most of her life there. She is buried in Boston, where she shares her father's marker.

*1882-3*: *Boyle's Court and Country Guide* for 1869, p. 63, lists Mrs. Castier at 10 Clarges Street, Piccadilly, W. London. Jewett and Fields stayed there in October 1882, during their first trip to Europe. Presumably this letter was written fairly soon after their return from this trip, but of course, this is not at all certain.

The manuscript of this letter is held in the Langley family papers, Special Collections and Archives, University of Michigan Library, Ann Arbor. Sarah Orne Jewett to [ Annie ] Langley, Letter.